

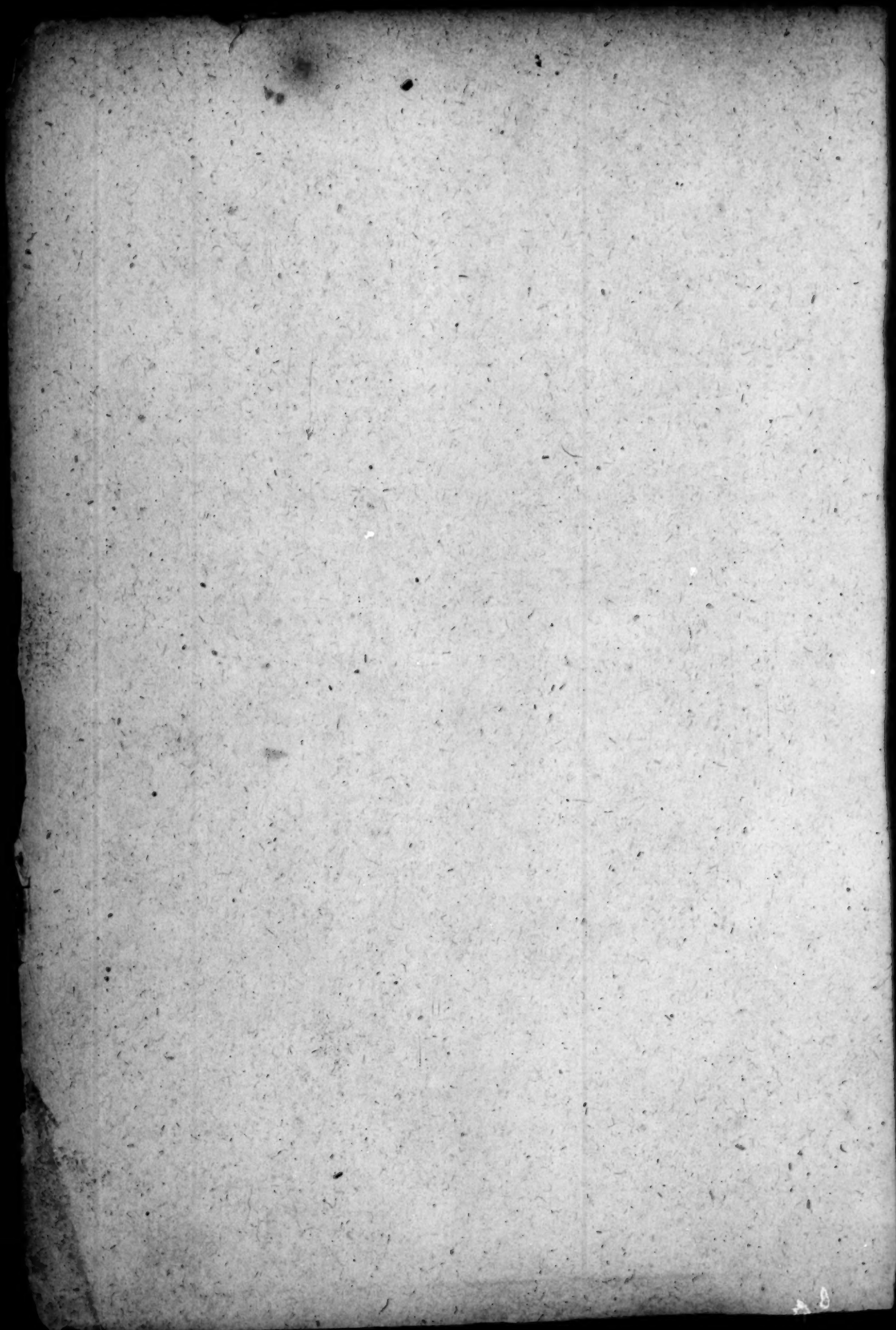
*Telmaïne*

*or*

*The Corinthian Queen*

*Mountfort*

*1705*



**ZELMANE:**

OR THE

*CORINTHIAN* Queen.

WELMARE

OR THE

COAST GUARD



ZELMANE:  
OR, THE  
Corinthian Queen.  
A  
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the  
NEW - THEATRE  
IN  
LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

By Her Majesties Servants.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for William Turner at the Angel at *Lincolns-Inn Back-Gate*, and  
Sold by John Nutt near *Stationers-Hall*. 1705.

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Lately Published  
*Aristotles Art of Poetry*. Translated from the Original Greek, according to Mr.  
*Theodore Goulston's* Edition, together with Mr. *D'Aciers* Notes translated from the  
*French*. Printed for William Turner Price 6 s.

ZELEMANE  
CORINTHIAN QUEEN  
A  
TRAGEDY

As it is acted at the

NEW THEATRE



By Her Majesty's Servants

LONDON

Printed by W. and A. G. Smith, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London.

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To the Honourable

Sir *BOUCHER RAY*, Bar.

S I R,

**P**Lays, by Men of great Learning and Experience, have always been esteem'd an innocent Diversion, that carries with it both Pleasure and Instruction, an agreeable amusement for Youth; and consequently the Muses securely fly to the young and gay, for protection against the snarling Zealot, in spite of whose severity, I dare boldly affirm, an inclination to Plays never injur'd the Fortunes of any Man.

Nay, the greatest Hero's of past Ages, thought it their Glory to patronize the Stage; and we read that the *Roman* Emperours distinguish'd Poets by their chiefest Favours.

Your Birth and Fortunes have plac'd you in a happy Sphere, and to those Poetry lays a particular claim, nor are their Joys compleat without a mixture of her Harmony.

The

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

The following Poem was a piece left unfinished by Mr. M——t, who in his Life was generally belov'd, and encourag'd in what he did by all.

The Gentleman who brought it to me, also inclin'd me to lay it at your Feet, or I confess, my being a perfect Stranger to you, would have deter'd me; but I hope the memory of the Author may excuse the defects of my Addition. The Town I hear has been favourable in its Character, which is another plea for your acceptance, since Fame in speaking you so generous, prevents my fears, that you should prove its only Enemy.

Therefore, Sir, in your protection I presume to leave it, with my earnest desires, that if Fate in her choicest store, has more Blessings to bestow than what you now possess, they may all surround you, that you may meet from your Country Honour and Esteem; from Love, a fair Partner to increase your Name, and with succeeding pleasures crown your Years. These are the wishes of

S I R,

*Your most Obedient,*

*Humble Servant,*

Prologue

# PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. Booth.

**T**He Hero and the Lover long have been  
The pleasing Bus'ness of the Tragick Scene;  
Inspiring Courage, warms the Beauteous Dame,  
And Venus blushes at the Soldier's Name.  
So Rival Queens for Alexander strove,  
With all the Warmth of Eloquence and Love;  
Ambitious to enslave that Prince, whose Sword  
Had made him the Worlds universal Lord.  
And Beauty's Charms do, with kind genial Heat,  
And noble Ardour, animate the Great.  
The Conquer'd Victor then pleas'd to obey,  
To his Great Mistress yields the Sov'raign Sway;  
With Pleasure executes her dread Commands,  
And still resigns his Laurels to her Hands.  
So that Great Day when Anna was the Word.  
And every conquering Brittain drew his Sword,  
Her Name with Terror struck the Nations round,  
And unknown Fears their numerous Troops confound.  
Gauls and Bavarians seek the Wat'ry Graves,  
And shroud Dishonour in the Crimson Waves:  
They fear to Die, but yet much more they fear,  
With Anna's powerful Vertue to wage War.  
'Twas that which gather'd Laurels from afar,  
And made her Soldiers more than Men appear:  
Her generous Vertue was the noble Cause;  
She fought alone, to fix with equal Laws  
The World; asserted Liberty to own  
And settle the then tott'ring Empire's Crown

Dramatis

# Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Arbaces</i>	Prince of <i>Scythia</i> , the Queens Foster-Bro- ther.	} Mr. Cory.
<i>Amphialus</i>	The General of <i>Co- rinth</i> , and Prince of the Blood.	} Mr. Verbruggen.
<i>Arcanes</i>	His Brother.	Mr. Booth.
<i>Gerontæ</i>	A <i>Corinthian</i> Lord, Chief Minister of State.	} Mr. Freeman.
<i>Pirotto</i>	Governour of the Roy- al Tower.	} Mr. Weller.

*Officers and Guards.*

## WOMEN.

<i>Zelmanc</i>	Queen of <i>Corinth</i> .	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Antimora</i>	The <i>Arcadian</i> Princess, Prisoner to <i>Zelmanc</i> .	} Mrs. Bracegirdle.

*Attendants.*

ACT.

ACT. I.

SCENE, a Palace with a Throne.

SCENE I.

Zelmane *Queen of Corinth seated on a Throne. The Prince Arbaces her Brother. The Lords Geron- ta and Piroto, and several others.*

*Queen.* ONce more, my Lords, we're free from dan-  
g'rous Foes,  
And happy *Corinth* is with Conquest crown'd  
But to whom we owe the verdant Lawrel  
And the expected Peace is known to all,  
*Amphialus* that Great, that Triumphant Man,  
Whose Courage taught our Conquering Arms success;  
'Twas to the Conduct of this Warlike Prince,  
We owe this Glorious Victory.

B

*Ger. Great*

*Ger.* Great Queen!  
 Whose Fame out-shines the Heroes of your Race;  
 The Prince was by your Royal Father chose,  
 To lead his Soldiers in the chance of War,  
 As if his quick discerning Judgment saw  
 What mighty Deeds should be by him performed,  
 And who with candor can his actions trace,  
 But must conclude the blest *Corinthian* King  
 Lives now again in Prince *Amphialus*.

*Queen.* Nor must his Brother, young *Arcanes* be forgot,  
 Who bred to all the softness of a Court,  
 In this late On-set played the Soldiers part.  
*Amphialus* was ever nurs'd in Wars,  
 Inur'd to Camps, to Winter blasts and toil,  
 But th' Youth untrain'd performs the hardest lesson.

*Pirot.* Your very praise o're-pays their greatest Deed.

*Queen.* No, my Lords, my best and faithful Counsellors,  
 Esteem'd by all, and valu'd by your Queen;  
*Zelma* sure, would blush with Words alone,  
 To meet such vast transcendent worth as theirs,  
 Monarchs resemble the Immortals most,  
 When with a bounteous, liberal Hand they give;  
 'Twas for this cause, my Lords, I call'd you hither,  
 That in this full Assembly, the Warriours  
 Might be welcom'd for their brave discharge of Duty.

*Ger.* They wait your Royal leave for their admittance.

*Queen.* Be it now, *Geronta* —  
 These bold *Arcadians* long have vex'd our State,  
 By Land and Sea a tedious War maintain'd,  
 Threatning our Kingdom with severest want,  
 Caus'd by a sad depopulating War:  
 But now, *Corinthians*, these Invaders fly,  
 Fortune for us in this extream declar'd,  
 And gave their Princess Prisoner to my Crown.  
 Now let my Subjects reassume their smiles,

To

To welcome Peace, and the conquering Arm  
That brought it.

*Enter Amphialus, Arcanes, Geronta, and Officers.*

*Amph.* Success and Glory wait on *Corinth's* Queen, (*kneels.*  
And always when her Country wants relief,  
May Fortune prove as kind to her as now.

*Queen.* Welcome Victorious Prince,  
Welcome thou succourer of thy Queen and Country;  
Whose Warlike Arm brings liberty in view,  
And glads my People with approaching Joy,  
Rise, rise, to all the Honours *Corinth* can bestow.

*Amph.* Above my merit you my Duty pay,  
Nor could my Life, though lost in your defence,  
Be worthy of such titles or such thanks:  
I have serv'd my Queen, but as a Subject ought,  
Nor am I, Madam, to be prais'd alone,  
For all my brave Companions of this Day,  
Deserve your favour equal with my self,  
Had you but seen how emulation strove  
In all their Souls to be the first in fight.  
How like a Mistress each did danger court,  
They fought like Rivals in the heat of Love,  
And scatter'd Death like Harvest in the Field.

*Queen.* Enough, I do believe them great and brave,  
Brave as thy Description strives to show 'em,  
And what Rewards are in my power to give,  
With speed my Soldiers may expect to share.

*Amph.* But above all, this good, this matchless Youth,  
Whose gallant Valour I must here relate,  
Your Pardon, Madam, if I after that  
Must say, Nature bids me call him Brother.

*Queen.* Go on my Soldier,

*Amph.* Eager and hot as I pursued the Fight,  
And forcing Conquest by my furious speed,  
I chac'd the Enemy for two long Hours,  
Vent'ring too far I found my self beset  
By an *Arcadian* Squadron, which in Ambush lay,  
And straight all turned their pointed Steels on me,  
O'repower'd with Numbers, I had doubtless fell.  
Had not my Brothers care out-strip'd the Wind,  
And with *Herculian* Labour cut his way,  
Forcing a passage where I fought on foot,  
And in a moment mounted me again;  
And e're I could my Benefactor know,  
For he allow'd no time for Words, but dealt  
Destruction from his conquering Sword around,  
Till my own Troops saw their Generals danger,  
And flew to my assistance.

*Queen.* Now by our Guardian Stars 'twas Nobly done.  
With this Jewel here thy Queen presents thee, *(he kneels.*  
Much for thy own Deserts, but more in that  
Thou didst preserve thy Gallant Brother

*Arca.* Oh Madam! —

What's my Life's best Blood compared with this.

*Amph.* Ha! the Youth turns pale and falters in his speech,  
His Heart is sinking with the wondrous Grace,

*Queen.* Now Prince *Amphialus* to thee. We here Create.

*Ger.* Stay yet a Moment most ador'd of Queens,  
And hear your faithful old *Geronta* speak.  
This Will was by your Royal Father made,  
Intrusted to my Care on solemn Oath,  
Not to disclose what is therein contained,  
Till *Corinth* should be free from threatening Foes,  
From her long inveterate *Arcadian* Foes,  
My Oath is now discharged, except one point,

Which

Which was to have it read in publick State,  
Which Boon I ask your Majesty to Grant.

*Queen.* Open it, my Fathers last Commands shall be obey'd.

*Ger.* You all see it is the Signet of the King.

*All.* We do.

*(he opens it and reads.)*

**I** Philemon King of Corinth, Dying without Male-Issue, Bequeath my Daughter and my Crown to Prince Amphialus, provided that it suits her Will, and he return Victorious. Be this in the first Dawn of Peace made known, and let the Lords concur to this our Pleasure, for I have thought on't well.

*(A shout.)*

*All.* Long live *Zelmane* and *Amphialus*.

*Arca.* Ha!

*Arba.* Confusion blast him, 'tis now in vain to oppose it.  
I know my Sister loves this Man I hate. *(aside to Pirot.)*

*Pirot.* But see how unconcern'd the Traytor stands,  
As if he thought the Crown too mean a gift,  
To pay his boasted service in the War.

*Arba.* And see *Arcanes* grows with envy pale.

*Queen.* Oh my ravish'd Soul, the Gods have given me  
The only thing I could have wish'd on Earth,  
But hold my Heart, keep in the mighty Joy,  
Let none be privy to this wondrous secret. *(aside.)*

My Lord *Amphialus*, this Paper makes  
Strange alterations in our Fortunes, Sir,  
I, who but now, was *Corinth's* Sovereign call'd,  
Must learn to be the subject of your Will.  
Ha! no flushing Joys their humid Fires force,  
Nor dart with eager Wishes from his Eyes,  
But like a Statue motionless he stands,

And

And only seems to be the thing he was. *(aside.)*

*Ger.* My Lord, why fly you not t' embrace the Knees  
Of our transcendent Queen.

*Amph.* Can Man be rais'd to such prodigious height,  
Without astonishing surprize of Sence,  
Thus on my Knees, I'll Adoration pay,  
But Duty awes my Love.

*Queen.* My Father in his Will has left me free,  
But I confirm his Choice.

*Arca.* Would I had perished by *Arcadian* Swords,  
Rather than lived to have seen this Day. *(aside.)*

*Queen.* You *Geronte*, preserve the Will with care.  
My Lords, this Princess whom *Amphialus* took  
The last Campaign, is now become *Arcadia's* Heir;  
We ought to way what propositions fit  
To make when their Ambassadors arrive,  
For doubtless they'll not fail to offer at her Freedom,  
Therefore pray think what Towns, what Holds our State  
Requires conducing to our Peace.

*Arba.* Gracious Queen, my Sister and my Sovereign,  
Whilst I in *Corinth* do remain, be pleas'd,  
When Overtures are made, and that Fair One  
Demanded back by the *Arcadian* Court,  
To advance my suit, and tell the Noble Lords,  
That *Scythia's* Prince is *Antimora's* Slave.

*Amph.* 'T would ill become the Majesty of *Corinth*,  
Whole conquering Arms has brought *Arcadia* low,  
To treat of Marriage with her vanquish'd Slave:  
Might I presume to advise my Gracious Queen,  
Her Ransome should be paid another way;  
And you great Prince may offers make of Love,  
When Liberty shall leave her free to choose.

*Arba.* My

*Arbu.* My Speech, proud Sir, was not addrest to you,  
Methinks you King it, e're you wear the Crown.

*Queen.* I yet command you both, then cease this strife,  
No single Voice shall teach me what to do,  
My Lords this politick debate be yours,  
Let *Corinths* safety be your chief concern,  
In the mean time *Pirotto*, guard the Princess well,  
But treat her with all the Pomp a Prison can afford.

*Amph.* Oh generous Queen thus low my thanks I pay,  
And bless you for your kind indulging care,  
And every Grace which you confer on her,  
Shall by *Amphialus* be thus return'd,  
Because she was my Prisoner, and I  
Promis'd Captivity should easy prove,  
For great Souls suit not with the gauling yolk  
Of harsh constraint.

*Queen.* How earnestly he pleads the Princess cause,  
There must be more in this than bare respect. *(aside.)*  
Your late request, Brother, shall be thought of,  
You have leave to wait upon the Princess,  
And if in her you meet returns of Love,  
We will not be unaiding to your suit.

*Amph.* Oh! Torture and Confusion!  
A thousand Scorpions issued from that Word  
That stings me to the Soul *(aside.)*

*Queen.* Thro' the City proclaim a general Joy,  
And mortal punishments on them inflict  
That dare to disobey our strict Command.  
Great Favours, Prince, should still with joy be ta'en,  
'Tis dangerous trifling with a Queens esteem.

*Amph.* I'm lost in thought of my stupendious Bliss,  
And beg forgiveness at your Royal Feet,  
The want of Words expressive to my Mind,  
But time, I hope, will teach my Tongue the way.

*Queen.* You

*Queen.* You shall have time allow'd your Love to grow,  
What alterations do I feel within,  
Now grief, then Joy, do with alternate sway,  
Command my Heart, and conquer as they please,  
Methought I was not Queen when thou wert gone,  
So much do Princes their Protectors love,  
I fear'd each Couriers hast least he should tell,  
*Amphialus* my General, was no more,  
But when my Ears the distant Fame receiv'd,  
My Heart, with bounding transports met the News,  
And Victory and Thee fill'd all my Soul.

*Amph.* Oh hold Madam, you sink me with your praise,  
For Glory, Honour, and for Fame I fought,  
But more than *Cæsars* Fortune you confer,  
And to the Lawrel, add a splendid Crown,  
A Gift which my Ambition never reach'd,  
Nor dare I think my Duty should aspire,  
Where all the Gods command me to obey.

*Queen.* My Father judg'd thee worthy of this Crown, (To  
Depending on his Choice, I cannot err, *Amph.*  
But to the Temple streight proclaim our way,  
To thank the Gods for this victorious Day,  
With Holy Fires let all our Altars shine,  
Whilst *Iopeans* cleave the Roof Divine.

(*Exeunt all but  
Amphialus and Arcanes,*

*Arca.* Hail, happy Prince, since I no longer must  
Salute you by the dear Name of Brother.  
Fate has lifted you above the tye of Nature,  
What crowds of emulating Blessings strive,  
To crown your Life with bright transcendent Honour,  
Renown and Fame and Titles all combine  
To make you great, nay more, Oh fatal thought!  
*Zelmane* too is yours.

*Amph.* Curst,

*Amph.* Curst, curst *Amphialus*

(walks about)

*Arca.* He minds me not, but wrapt in extasie,  
Forgets all ties, but those of Love and State.  
Oh happy Brother! and Oh wretched me!

*Amph.* I'll tell *Arcanes* from my Soul a truth,  
The *Arcadian* Duke sunk with his last defeat,  
Nor he that suffers on the wracking Wheel,  
Can half express the anxious grief I bear.

*Arca.* Then are we the most wretched Pair alive,  
I feel the wrecks of disappointed Love,  
I feel the gnawing Hell of black Despair:  
*Zelmane*, Brother, Oh! that charming Maid,  
Reigns in my Breast with more than Sovereign sway,  
I from my Youth, did suck the Poyson in,  
My early Years obey'd her ready Call,  
I watch'd her Eyes, and at her nodd I fled,  
And all my study was to please the Queen,  
But Oh! like Sun-shine playing on a Rock,  
Unalter'd did her stony Heart remain,  
Nor could I e're perceive impression there.

*Amph.* Unhappy Youth! Oh would to all the Gods  
Her Soul were bent on thee.

*Arca.* Then when the Silver Trumpet call'd to Arms,  
That way I strove to gain immortal Fame,  
But thou in *Mars's* Field out-soared my heighth,  
And left me but a second Name in War.

Brother,  
No, I conjure thee by a dearer Name,  
By that of Friend, which sure you han't forgot,  
If we have lov'd beyond the common rate,  
If Parents to their darling growing Sons  
Have pointed them the Paths that they should run,  
Now with thy Sword perform a friendly act,  
And with thy conquering Hand set free my Soul,

C

That

That my complaints no more may reach thy Ears.

*Amph.* What means my Brother, Oh! *Arcanes* Oh!  
'Tis I am curst, thou wilt have better Fate.

*Arca.* No, all my cou'sning hopes have left me now,  
All my gay Dreams of fancied Bliss are fled.

Here, strike least multiplicity of thought *(beating his*  
Bury my Sence in mad fomented rage, *Breast.*

And I be guilty of some desperate Deed,  
When you Procession to the Temple make,  
For which all Ages shall abhor my Name.

*Amph.* Cease, cease thy own tumultuous griefs and hear  
The sorrows of thy Friend in more distress,  
Like thee I Love, like thee I too despair,  
For Oh! what hopes remain to flatter me,  
When Great *Zelmane* is my mortal Foe.

*Arca.* Why dost thou treat thy Friend with riddles thus,  
Has not the Queen declared the choice is hers.

*Amph.* Ay, there's the source of all my wrecking woe,  
I have no Heart to pay her in return,  
For *Antimora* has engross'd it all,  
E're since *Philemon* to the *Arcadian* Court,  
Sent me an Arbitrator of a Peace;  
Our Souls by Love were tun'd to equal pitch,  
And by the Sacred Sympathy we move,  
Her Eyes the animating Fire by which I live,  
The rest are sparks that die in ambient Air.

My *Antimora*, yes, I'll call thee mine,  
For all the Gods forbid a separation.  
Fate seems alike to deal our Lots of Life,  
She as my self when first our Loves began,  
Could only claim a Kindred to the Throne,  
Our Births the same, the same too were our Flames  
For the kind Maid with pity crown'd my Vows,  
Farther yet the inseperate Chain gives way,

I'm

[ II ]

I'm rais'd to Power, and she's *Arcadia's* Heir.

*Arca.* Unhappy wretched Brother,  
Yet blest *Amphialus*, doubly blest,  
In that we are not Rivals in our Love:  
But Oh! the Grandeur of a Queen and Crown,  
Has Charms to shock the firmest resolution.  
Forgive my doubts, since 'tis excess of Love  
Creates them in thy Brothers Heart.

*Amph.* Forgive thee, yes, and grant thee all I can,  
To calm the tempest of thy jealous Mind,  
So dear I prize the quiet of my Friend,  
To whose care I owe my Life and Safety,  
That did I love the Queen, I think I could,  
To make thee happy, quit the Beautious Maid.

*Arca.* Thou unexampled piece of Humankind,  
Will you to ease *Arcanes* troubled Soul,  
Promise me ne'er to wed the fair *Zelmane*.

*Amph.* Oh never! by our Guardian Stars I swear,  
And all the bright Inhabitants above,  
Never to joyn in Wedlock with the Queen;  
She my Life and trust at pleasure may dispose,  
But for my Love 'tis lodg'd above her reach,  
From whence no mortal Hand can wrest it forth,  
For *Antimora* is the Guard of that,  
And well I know she'll ne'er resign it up,  
Or if she did, I could be only hers,  
But 'tis impossible that we should change.

*Arc.* Oh blessed sound, may'st thou be happy there,  
As my wishes or thy own can make thee.

*Amph.* Alas, there hangs a black impending Cloud,  
Whose hateful influence threatens our mutual Loves,  
With tempest bearing fears. The Queen, *Arcanes*,  
Of this does nothing know, nor dare I speak,  
Till time shall ripen things to more maturity;

The Prince of *Scythia's* Love is now become  
 The Great *Zelmane's* care, that haughty Man,  
 Whose cruel fierce and bloody Mind does shew,  
 The barbarous Climate well from whence he sprung.

*Arca.* He neither shares the virtue of the Queen,  
 Nor yet her Blood, why does her favour here  
 Protect him.

*Amph.* You know our King *Philemon* wedded with  
 The *Scythian Dowager*, this Prince was Son to her  
 Before our King espoused her, his pretence  
 Of coming here, was to assist us in our Wars.

*Arca.* Pretence, you well may say, for when he came  
 He went not to the Field.

*Amph.* All I have now to ask my Friend of thee,  
 Is, that when absence calls me from my Love,  
 As none can tell how soon it may be so;  
 Do thou with watchful Eye guard *Antimora*.

*Arca.* I will with utmost diligence attend,  
 Th' Lieutenant of the Royal Tower's mine;  
 If *Pirotto* the Governour deny  
 That way my entrance I can still secure;  
 But what dangers do you dread, my Brother?

*Amph.* I know not what, my boading Soul, methinks,  
 Fears every Wind that rudely blows on her;  
 But Oh! *Arbaces*, treacherous and vile,  
 When she refuses, as I know she will,  
 His bold audacious suit, 'tis then, I fear  
 How far his brutal passion may transport him.

*Arca.* Should he but dare to whisper an Offence  
 In *Antimora's* Ear, so much I love  
 The interest of my Brother, my Sword should  
 Reach his Heart.

*Amph.* We.

*Amph.* We shall be miss'd, lets to the Temple move,  
There offer Prayers to all the Powers above,  
That they would bless us with the Maids we love.

*Arca.* Come then, my Brother, we'll together go.

*Ye Authors of our Fate, whate're for me  
Is your severe, appointed, fix'd Decree,  
Still let success Amphialus attend,  
The greatest Hero, and the truest Friend.*

(Exeunt.)

A C T.

## A C T. II.

S C E N E. *A Prison.**Amphialus Solus.*

*Amph.* **A** Gain the bold *Arcadians* gather head,  
 And with strong Squadrons do molest our Peace.  
 And I the Queen must instantly obey,  
 Whose strict Command does send me to the Camp,  
 Yet e're I go, I must behold my Love,  
 And take one parting kiss to guard my Life.  
 Methinks I hover like a frighted Bird,  
 About the place where she has built her Nest,  
 When she suspects the danger of her Young.  
 Oh! all ye Powers that favour constant Love,  
 With kind auspicious smiles look down and bless  
 The justest Pair in all the numerous train.

*(Knocks.**Enter*

Enter Piroto.

*Pirot.* Prince *Amphialus* ! what business brings  
Your Highness hither.

*Amph.* Thou know'st the Princess is my Prisoner,  
To her this visit is intended now  
I fain would know how she her Fortune bears  
in this strange turn of Fate.

*Pirot.* My Lord, it was her Majesties Command,  
That none should enter without her Signet.

*Amph.* Am not I excepted ?

*Pirot.* None, my Lord, but Prince *Arbaces*.

*Amph.* Ha ! Prince *Arbaces* ! Oh ye too partial Stars,  
Why have you mark't that Monster out to pull  
Destruction on me. *(aside.)*

Wilt thou *Pirotto* be my Friend in this,  
Permit me enter, and conceal it from the Queen.

*Pirot.* My gracious Lord, my King, I ought to say,  
Since Great *Zelmone's* voice confirmed the Grant,  
*Pirotto's* Interests, Sir, shall still be yours,  
Though much I fear the rashness of this act,  
And what resentment for't the Queen may shew.

*Amph.* She shall not know how kind *Pirotto* is,  
And this great favour binds me ever yours,  
'Tis business of importance which I bear  
To the *Arcadian* Princess, nor dare I  
To impart it, or thou my Friend should know.  
This on my Honour take, 'tis not to wrong  
The Queen.

*Pirot.* I

*Pirot.* I do believe you, Sir, and will comply,  
That way to her Apartment leads, your Visit must  
Be short, lest my breach of Duty be discover'd.

*Amph.* Conclude me wholly thine. (Exit.

*Pirot.* Conclude from hence thy Ruin, haughty Prince,  
I know he loves this Beautious Captive Maid,  
Which Love shall cost him dear, if I can plot.  
Oh Father! rest within thy silent Tomb,  
Yet think not I forget the wrongs to thee,  
Thou once like him wer't *Corinth's* General held,  
Till proud *Amphialus* out-strip thy Age,  
And from thy shaking Hand the staff did wrest,  
And tower'd o're thee while but yet a Boy,  
The thought of which cut deeper than thy Years,  
And spur'd thee forward to thy dark Abode,  
For which, and for the Indignities I suffer,  
I'll glut me with revenge, Oh sweet revenge!  
My Heart as much ambition holds as his,  
Yes, and as great a Soul inhabits here,  
As Prince *Amphialus* could ever boast,  
I could have fought and conquer'd too like him,  
Had I been honour'd with a Generals Name.  
Confusion! what am I? a Jaylor, Oh!  
But I will stifle all my rage, and listen to their fond Discourse.  
*I banish hence all thoughts, but such as may*  
*Instruct my labouring Brain the surest way,*  
*To make their Lives my want of Grandeur pay.* }

SCENE

SCENE draws, and discovers Antimora sitting by a Table reading.

Enter Amphialus.

*Amph.* See where the charming *Antimora* sits,  
Calm and serene as in her better State;  
Nor has a Prison power to change her Mind.  
Joy to the Crown of all my wisht content,  
The kind, the fair, the lovely *Antimora*.

*Ant.* 'Tis you must bring it then, for there's no Joy  
Beside my dear *Amphialus's* Faith.

*Amph.* 'Tis thine, so wholly thine, there's not a Sigh  
That heaves my Breast, but whispers *Antimora*,  
M'observant Mind retains no thought but thee,  
Thus could I gaze for ever on thy Face,  
And mighty reason justify my Eyes,  
So fast my Soul is link't by Love to thine,  
That I could die for thee without a groan.

*Ant.* Can I not boast an equal strength of Love,  
Oh sure no Maids did ever equal mine,  
For the *Arcadia's* most delightful Plains  
Are quite forgot, and all the pompous Court,  
Is nothing in my thoughts compar'd with thee,  
These Prison-Walls when thou'rt inclos'd within,  
Brings more delight than Liberty and Empire,  
'Tis the wide World and all I want is here.

D

*Amph.* Oh

*Amph.* Oh Words as soft as is the down of Swans,  
And Voice more sweet than are their dying Notes,

*Ant.* My Uncle now that fills *Arcadia's* Throne  
Whose loss of Victory I should more lament,  
Had he not conquer'd been by thee, but now  
I scarce can pay the Duty which I ought,  
Because he is declar'd thy mortal Foe.

Oh *Amphialus* ! if those Vows can bind,  
That Hymen crown'd when I became thy Slave,  
I beg — — —

*Amph.* Ha ! say'st thou ! — stop that hated Word — my Wife.  
(embraces.)

*Ant.* That thou Ambition wouldst no more pursue,  
But give up all to Love.

*Amph.* I would — be witness every Star that shines.  
But 'tis not in my power — nor must I tell the Queen,  
That *Antimora's* mine, by Marriage mine,  
Oh the transporting Joys that fill that thought  
Is far above a Mortal to describe.

*Ant.* Will then the Queen *Zelma* prove unkind,  
Thou saidst my Ransom should thy Service pay ;  
Is it denied, or wilt thou never ask it ?

*Amph.* I dare not let the weighry secret go,  
Least the sad tale destroy her peaceful Hours. (aside)  
That yet I've not requested of the Queen,  
The Liberty I promis'd to restore,  
Is that her half Brother Prince *Arbaces*  
Got the start, and begg'd he might address you,  
I know th' attempt could bring no ill effect,  
Tho' leave was given him, thou wert left to chuse.

*Ant.* Oh name him not, my Soul abhors his sight.  
I've oft been treated with his nauseous Love,  
I long for freedom to avoid that suit,  
Tho' Love's the same in every Humane Breast,

Yet

Yet different Men express it different ways,  
Tho' each may charm some tender Maid to pity,  
What wins the one, the other cannot move,  
And so it is with me, *Amphialus*,  
When first I saw thee in my Fathers Court,  
I felt a gentle beating at my Heart,  
And e're thou spok'st, I lov'd thee.

*Amph.* Oh Sympathy! thou dear revealer of our Souls,  
At that instant that my Eyes beheld thee,  
That Dart rebounded from my Breast to thine.  
Oh I could talk whole Ages of our Love,  
And yet untir'd tell the Tale again.

*Ant.* And I like Eccho could repeat the sound,  
And wish for nought but Liberty and thee,  
What Musick flows from those dear Lips of thine,  
What soft what sweet enchanting strains I hear,  
No tempting Syren ever charm'd like thee.  
Oh Love!

What vast addition does thy Words receive,  
When utter'd by *Amphialus*; and Oh!  
What do they suffer when another speaks them.

*Amph.* Oh *Antimora*! cease, cease thy transports,  
Or I forgetful of my Queens Commands,  
Shall stay for ever here.

*Ant.* Oh my boding Soul! what does she Command?

*Amph.* I'll tell thee sweet, but do not be dismay'd,  
This Morning from the Camp Express arriv'd  
That some few Squadrons of the Enemy,  
Had burnt some Towns on our *Corinthian* Coast;  
And I have Orders to draw out my Men,  
And send Dispatches to the place distress'd.  
Methinks my Courage is but half awake,  
Cause 'tis against thy Subjects I must fight.

*Ant.* Oh how I dread the approaching Scene of Fate;  
 Not for my Country, but for thy dear Life;  
 My Heart with violence beats against my Breast,  
 And makes my poor Bosome sore with striking.  
 Yet go,  
 For painful are the Hours we pass in doubt,  
 But Oh! be careful of thy precious Life,  
 Press not too far for *Antimora's* sake;  
 Make hast, my Love, be swift in thy return,  
 Then ask my freedom and declare our Marriage.

*Amph.* Thou choicest Blessing that the World e're knew,  
 I will with utmost diligence thy Laws obey.  
 But I conjure thee by our holy Fires,  
 Let not the secret of our Marriage scape,  
 Till I my self reveal it.

*Ant.* It never shall be told by me, till you  
 Permit, by our chaste Loves I swear, an Oath  
 I would not violate for *Corinth's* Crown:  
 No Matter what your reasons are for that,

*Amphialus* can never break his Faith.

*Amph.* When I to *Antimora* prove untrue,  
 May I be branded with a Cowards Name,  
 And lose the Honour I have gained in War;  
 Nay more, may you despise and scorn me too. *(embraces.)*

*Ant.* Oh all ye Guardian Stars protect my Love,  
 My Lord, my Life, my Husband, I charge ye,  
 Permit no insidious Slave to hurt him,  
 But shield him from the fury of the War.  
 When thou art gone, what can my Eyes delight,  
 Thou art my Sun, and when we part 'tis Night.  
 No dawn of Comfort will my Sorrows know,  
 But sad and dismal as the Shades below,  
 Where poy'snous damps and sickly vapours grow.

Not one poor Star my wandering Bark to steer,  
Till thy return 'twill all be darkness here.

*Amph.* So Merchants beaten by tempestuous Winds,  
Unlade their Wealth and leave it all behind,  
Though much of toil it cost to gain the store,  
They're forc'd to part from what their Souls adore;  
So I by Duty and by Honour drove,  
Am torn away from that bright Saint I love. (*Exeunt severally.*)

*The Prison shuts.*

*Pirotto solus.*

*Pirot.* Thou for thy Love, fond Prince, shalt dearly pay,  
If this projecting Brain deceive me not,  
I've laid a Scheem with *Machiavilian* Art,  
Beyond the power of Magick to undo,  
Oh for the Prince of *Scythia* now to aid,  
And help my lab'ring Soul in this design,  
He comes as if infernal Furies meant,  
To lend an Arm to push the mischief on:

*Enter Albaces.*

My Lord, I have surprising News to tell,  
That will your noblest Faculties inflame.

*Alb.* Say's my Friend, dost thou then bring me comfort,  
Or must I ever languish in despair.

*Pirot.* If

*Pirot.* If to know your Mistress hates and loaths you,  
More than Insects of a poys'nous-kind,  
Or to inform you that her Heart's bestow'd;  
Or if to tell you that these Eyes have seen,  
Transports as great as ever Lover gave,  
Can bring you comfort, then you have it, Sir.

*Arb.* Thou wouldst inform me of a Rival sure,  
Yes, that silent Bow declares it. Name the Wretch,  
And let my fury loose — Who is the curst, the happy he?

*Pirot.* Who but *Amphialus* durst presume so high,  
To stamp his Image on *Arbaces* Coin.

*Arb.* *Amphialus*! Oh all ye Powers I thank ye.  
How know you this?

*Pirot.* I overheard their whole Discourse.

*Arb.* My Soul a double portion of revenge takes in,  
I feel the addition of this last discovery,  
My Heart with malice swells to such a pitch,  
As makes my Breast too narrow for its room.  
Oh *Pirotto*! if e're I favour'd thee,  
In ought thy Soul most wish'd for here on Earth,  
Assist me now to blast this spreading Cedar,  
To lop his choicest strongest Branches off,  
And leave his Trunk unguarded to the Wind,  
Whose blasts shall shake and tear him from the Earth.

*Pirot.* Be calm —

And give your anger scope another way,  
The Captive Princess you have leave to visit,  
Who now y'are certain never will be yours,  
I have contriv'd and smooth'd a ready way,  
To satisfy your Love and your Revenge,  
And wound *Amphialus* in the tenderest part.

*Arb.* I understand thee, and my Veins beat high,  
And all my Sences seem to dance with Joy.  
Yes, *Antimora*, yes, thou scornful fair,

I'll

I'll riot on thy Charms with vast delight,  
Rifle thy Secrets with such profuse excess,  
That in an instant shall a surfeit bring,  
Then to my hated Rival leave thee.

*Pirot.* Then throw the Guilt on him,

*Arb.* Excellent; and so to *Scythia* take our way,  
Where I, my Friend, will make thee Great.

*Pirot.* I'll to the Queen, where I such things will tell,  
As shall confound her Reason, and destroy her Love.

This for my proof ————— (*Stabs his Arm.*)

*Arb.* What mean'st thou?

*Pirot.* Within I'll tell you all my fix'd design,  
Be yours the pleasure, and the Plot be mine.

*Arb.* Let me embrace thee, thou Genius to *Arbaces*,  
Thy Plots like *Hydra's* Heads succeed so fast,  
They out-strip the Tongue and leave even thought behind.  
Fly to the Queen and rouse the Woman in her,  
Urge all that malice can invent or form,  
To blast this curst Usurper of my right;  
Whilst I such mighty draughts of bliss receive,  
As strong desire could wish or mighty Beauty give.

(*Exeunt together.*)

S C E N E

SCENE *changes to the Palace.**Enter Queen and Geronta.*

*Queen.* Geronta, faithful Courtier, tell me why,  
Thou Phœnix of thy kind, dost thou pursue,  
The Steps of thy unheeding Queen so close,  
That lead both her and thee she knows not where.

*Ger.* Your pardon, Madam, and I'll tell the cause  
Why I presume so far. *(kneels.*

*Queen.* Rise and speak.

*Ger.* I saw a Cloud hang on that Royal Brow,  
And marks of sorrow in your lovely Eyes,  
Down your rosie Cheeks trac'd pearly Showers,  
Which spoke the discontent that lodg'd within,  
And if it may'nt be boldness thought I would  
Enquire the cause that thus destroys your Beauty.

*Queen.* Away, my Charms are dead and useless now,  
And pale as the Image of approaching Fate.

*Ger.* What means my Queen, why do you talk of Fate,  
Are you not drest with every Princely good,  
Your magnanimous Soul does nothing want,  
That Man can boast or Art could ever teach;  
What Subject e're complain'd in vain to you,  
No, Justice is the Clew that guides your Life,  
And Charity the practice of your Mind,  
Mercy the sweet Companions of your Days,  
And your matchless Piety crowns 'em all.  
What can she dread whose Vertues shine so bright,

And

And whom her People with such Joy obey.

*Queen.* Oh *Geronta*! this Queen thou praisest so,  
Is slighted, scorn'd, despis'd and worthless grown,  
Where most she wish'd to reign. — Oh torture!

*Ger.* What Traytor dares offend the Queen?

*Queen.* *Amphialus*, yet do not call him Traytor,  
It is a Name too harsh — Oh *Geronta*!  
He grasps my Heart, nor can I loose his hold;  
My Father heard the early praise I gave,  
Still as his Actions founded were by Fame,  
He saw my growing Love, and thought he blest  
Us both.

*Ger.* Permit that I in his behalf may plead,  
And tell your Majesty my humble thoughts:  
So unexpected came the Glorious Gift,  
It struck with admiration all his Sence,  
And turn'd his transports to amazing silence.

*Queen.* Oh! no, my Friend, for I will tell thee all,  
When he receiv'd my Orders for his March,  
He bow'd, and thank'd me for the trust impos'd,  
But with a Look so cold, it froze my Heart,  
And chill'd my thrilling Blood to Balls of Ice,  
Least the attending Crowd might cause that awe,  
I bid 'em all retire, then blest him with a smile,  
And wish'd his quick return to *Corinth*:  
My Eyes, had he observ'd 'em, spoke so plain,  
He might have read the secrets of my Soul.

*Ger.* Then flew he not with eager Lovers haste,  
To embrace the condescension of a Queen.

*Queen.* Oh! no,  
With such oppression did he seem to breath,  
As spoke intollerable pain of Mind,  
He sigh'd so deep, as if the threads of Life  
Were to their utmost limits stretch'd by Fate,

E

With

With Eyes cast down, he faintly said, *I am*  
*Not worthy of your gracious Favours.*

*Ger.* This spoke his Modesty, and in my Sence, his Love.

*Queen.* Wou'd I cou'd think so too, but 'tis impossible.  
 Without regard to Greatness or my Sex,  
 I advanc'd and reach'd my Hand out to him,  
 He trembling kneel'd and breath'd upon't a Kiss,  
 Colder than Ice, cold as the damp of Death,  
 And then abruptly left me.

*Ger.* Profound respect must be the cause of this,  
 For yet I cannot think *Amphialus*,  
 Whose innate Vertue shines so clear in all  
 The great unspotted Actions of his Life,  
 Can want a Soul susceptible of Love,  
 When *Zelmane* is the Beauteous Object.

*Queen.* Oh! cease to save what does too plain appear,  
 He cannot Love me, that's what he would say,  
 But shame has bound his guilty Tongue from speech.  
 Why was I made a Queen? or, rather why,  
 Died I not when first my Eyes saw light,  
 Then had my Infant Soul from cares been free,  
 From Clay dislodg'd swam in Ætherial Air,  
 Unknowing of the jealous pangs of Love,  
 But I by Fate for greater Woes design'd,  
 Endure the lingering tortures of the Mind,  
 Of all the ills the Gods did e'er bestow,  
 A more acute one ne'er did Nature know.

*Enter Pirotto, his Arm bound up.*

*Ger.* Ha! *Pirotto*! why that confused look,  
 And whence those bloody Marks upon thy Arm?

*Pirot. I.*

*Pirot.* I know not what to say, but wish I could  
Conceal the Author without breach of Faith,  
But when the safety of my Queen's concern'd,  
I must betray him, though 'twill wound her too.

*Queen.* Say'st thou, am I in danger, quickly speak,  
Who gave the Wound?

*Pirot.* *Amphialus* was the Man.

*Queen.* Ha! the reason.

*Pirot.* Cause I obey'd your Majesties Command,  
And did refuse to let him see the Princess;  
At first he said, he by your Order came,  
But when I ask'd him for your Royal Signet,  
He drew his Ponyard forth, and cry'd, 'tis there,  
Then fix'd it in my Arm. ———

*Queen.* Oh unparalell'd presumption!

*Ger.* Let not rage transport your Royal temper,  
He could not, did not say these Words, no thou  
Dost bely him, thy canker'd Soul has form'd  
This Plot to work the Generals ruin;  
I know thou look'st with envious Eyes upon him,  
Because the goodness of the Queen has plac'd  
him high.

*Pirot.* My Soul disdains such base perfidious treachery,  
Nor can you love the General more than I,  
My Tears will flow in spite of all my wrongs,  
To think I should accuse the brave *Amphialus*.

*Queen.* No, by th' all seeing Sun he does not wrong him,  
Yes, now I know for whom I am despis'd,  
Confusion!

Am I a Queen, or have I lost my Pride.  
Say, what pass'd there more between you,  
I charge you, omit not the smallest circumstance.

*Pirot.* He swore by all his Love for *Antimora*,  
Such was the Imprecation he did make,

If I offer'd to prevent his passage,  
 He'd sheath the Dagger in my Hearts warm Blood;  
 Death in that Moment so unlook'd for came,  
 That it surpriz'd my Courage and my Sence,  
 And quite depriv'd me of the means of succour,  
 My Arm disabl'd and my Thoughts confus'd,  
 He drove me Headlong where the Princess fate,  
 And forc't me stay till he had ta'en his leave.

*Queen.* Keep back ye signs of Woman in my Eyes,  
 And let the fierce and scorching Fire of Rage,  
 Dry up the moisture of my Love-sick Brain.

*Pirot.* Swift as desire he leapt into her Arms,  
 And kiss'd and prest her blushing Face to his,  
 And in a transport cry'd, my Life, my Dear.

*Queen.* Disappointment blast their eager Joys,  
 As thou hast ruin'd mine.

*Ger.* If Madam ———

*Queen.* Away, and plead not for the Monster,  
 I'll only hear *Pirotto* speak, go on,  
 Go on thou Screech-Owl, breath the voice of Fate,  
 It is thy Queen that listens to thy tale.

*Pirot.* They kneel'd, and oft repeated mutual Vows  
 Of kind, of tender everlasting Love,  
 And said, his constant Heart could know no change,  
 Then wisht her Queen of *Corinth*.

*Queen.* Hear you that, my Lord, — Oh my malignant Stars,  
 I shall be murder'd by this very Rebel.

*Ger.* Oh! all the Powers forbid that anxious thought:  
 Dispatch a Messenger and bring him back,  
 And let him answer to this bold Accuser.

*Queen.* He cannot, his guilty Soul durst not behold my Face.

*Pirot.* Her faultring Tongue with Lovers wishes deckt,  
 Oft blest her Hero, and in Tears retir'd.

*Queen.* My jealous Pride takes Fire at thy Description,

The

The flames of which shall strait consume their Joy ;  
Yes, by my unequall'd wrongs, the Princess dies.

*Ger.* Oh banish such a thought from out your Royal Breast,  
That would violate the Law of Nations,  
Who ever treat their Pris'ners tane in War  
With due respect to all their Qualities.

*Queen.* But when their Captives do conspire their ruin,  
'Tis policy of State to let 'em die.

Rouze, rouze my Soul, shake off these Chains of Love,  
Expunge his Image from thy lab'ring Mind,  
And break the secret Cords that hold thy Heart,  
Let base *Plebeians* groan beneath the curse,  
A Queen should never stoop to be refus'd.

*Pierot.* How I applaud my self for this brave deed. (*aside.*)

*Queen.* Yes, Traytor, yes Ingrate, thou soon shalt find,  
What 'tis to abuse and to reject a Queen.

The bloody Sisters pains, *Ixion's* Wheel,  
Shall pleasures be to what this Wretch shall feel ;  
Great as my wrongs shall his dire suff'rings prove,  
And none is greater sure than slighted Love,  
'Tis that for which Souls sigh for blifs in vain,  
And Hell's worst torture is this wracking pain. (*Exeunt.*)

# A C T. III.

SCENE. *A Prison. A Couch here.*

*Enter Antimora.*

*Ant.* **I**N vain I strive to rest my troubled Soul,  
 Since Sleep the Balsome of all Earthly cares,  
 Destroys my ease, and festers where't should heal,  
 My Dreams bring Horror and the Face of Death,  
 The absence of my Love my Courage sinks,  
 And sad Captivity with double woes appear.  
 Oh *Amphialus*!  
 I know thy constant Heart the same with mine,  
 Then hast and bless thy *Antimora* with thy sight.

*Enter*

*Enter Arbaces.*

*Arb.* That Name when e're pronounc'd transports the Ear,  
and drives all sorrow distant from the place,  
The sweetness of thy Voice cheers all around,  
So *Philomel* imprison'd in her Cage,  
Glads her Oppressors with her Nightly Song.

*Ant.* I ever shun'd in my most prosperous Days  
The Tongues of Flatterers, and grieve that now  
I must endure it in my low Estate.  
Prince, your Visit is unseasonable,  
My watchful Hours were now dispos'd for rest :  
Remember, Sir, I am a Princess still,  
Tho' chance of War has made me Pris'ner here,  
I am no Slave to have my Peace disturb'd  
And privacy invaded when you please,  
Nor can I value him that wants respect.

*Arb.* Oh unkind and cruel *Antimora* !  
To charge me with a Crime I never knew,  
Can he whose frame is nothing else but Love,  
Want respect for the object of his Soul;  
But 'tis not that does authorize your scorn,  
Or make my Person odious to your Eyes,  
The false *Amphialus* usurps your Heart,  
And bars my entrance there.

*Ant.* Ha! betray'd—shall I deny it—no, no,  
Methinks his Name when by this Wretch repeated,  
Gives me new Life and Courage for disdain. (*aside.*  
Then if you know your Rival, Prince, you know  
Him brave, and ought in silence to despair.

*Arb.* I

*Arb.* I know him base, he did this Day accept  
 Upon his Knees, my Sister *Corinth's* Queen,  
 Her dead Fathers Will bequeath'd her to him,  
 And her own choice confirm'd the mighty Gift,  
 That bright Carnation in your Cheeks proclaim  
 Your high resentment of this treacherous deed,  
 Disdain this fraudulent Impostor straight,  
 And smile upon a Prince that knows no Bliss  
 Without the Beauteous *Antimora's* Love.

*Ant.* You ill interpret why my Blushes rise,  
 And read the motions of my Soul quite wrong;  
 I blush to hear the forgeries you urge,  
 To see a Sovereign Prince descend so low,  
 With poor Inventions to bespatter Fame,  
 And blast that Glory which he can't eclipse,  
 Nor reach in all the story of his Life,

*Arb.* Your praise of him, or your disdain of me,  
 Cannot decrease the Ardour of my Love,  
 Nor is it with design to blast his worth,  
 That I declare this great undoubted truth,  
 But that you may not be deceiv'd by him,  
 Who must at his return Wed fair *Zelmae*.

*Ant.* The Stories false, false as the Author is;  
 Your cunning Artifices prove too weak  
 To shock the Basis of a Mind resolv'd,  
 I will own it now, for I am proud to own it,  
 I do love the Prince *Amphialus* more  
 Than I hate thy Hellish Forgeries,  
 For which I hold as much detest and fear,  
 As for the dark recess of Souls in torment;  
 He is only mine, and I am only his.

*Arb.* Confusion blast him.

*Ant.* All the Powers protect him, nor can your Curse  
 Reach such transcendent Vertue;

But

But were it true that he is false, which yet  
My Heart will no such base suspicions hold;  
But if 'twere true, I say, what can'st thou hope,  
I should abhor, detest all Humankind,  
Rather than listen to the Voice of Love,  
Call speedy Death and Desolation round me.

*Arb.* Since you are so obstinate, 'tis fit you know  
That I commander am of all your Fate,  
The Governor is mine, and y'are within my power,  
If you'll accept my vertuous faithful Love,  
The *Scythian* Crown and freedom shall be yours;  
If not, prepare to suffer what my rage inspires.

*Ant.* I disdain thy offer and thy threats alike,  
Audacious Prince, dost think this is the way,  
To advance thy Passion, brutal as thy Country.  
This Insolence has fix'd us distant far,  
As far as Vice from Vertue grows ——— never  
To meet in this nor t'other World.

*Arb.* That shall be tried, insulting Maid, it shall,  
Nay, struggle not, for by the burning rage of Love,  
Not all the Furies shall prevent me now,  
You may be kind and save your self the pain,  
Else from the unwilling Tree the Fruit I'll force,  
And bend it with my Embraces down. (*Catches hold of her.*)

*Ant.* Villain, stand off, Oh all you Guardian Stars,  
Protectors of my Vertue, lend your aid,  
Dispatch your thunder, strike the Monster dead,  
What will none hear me. (*Struggles with him.*)

*Arb.* None, none, there's none within thy call to hear,  
And thou art mine without a hope of remedy.

*Ant.* Oh Heavens! yet hear me speak in this black deed,  
Thou pull'st ten thousand Ruins on thy Head,  
The Gods and Men will joyn in my revenge,  
And with the Sword lay all thy Nation waste

See thou hast humbled all my haughty Pride,  
 And at thy Feet a much wrong'd Princess falls :  
 Oh! quit thy horrid purpose, and I vow,  
 Never to betray thy curst design, but  
 Bless thee for the kind relenting Goodness.

*Arb.* And hug *Amphialus* at his wisht return,  
 No——

I'm deaf to thy complaints, as thou hast been to mine,  
 And thou shalt meet him blemisht, if thou thinkst it so,  
 With strict embraces of my ardent Love,  
 My leavings only shall my Rival crown.

*Ant.* Oh monstrous resolution !

But thus I will prevent thy cursed aim. (*Snatches his Dagger.*)

*Arb.* Ha ! by Hell thou shalt not. (*wrests it from her.*)

*Ant.* Oh *Antimora* ! is cold Death denied thee,  
 My Heart with indignation swells so high,  
 I hope 'twill burst the Cords of Life assunder,  
 I ask but Death, come thou pale Tyrant come,  
 And save my Vertue by thy speedy stroke. (*Struggles still.*)

*Arb.* The mortal Dart of Death advanc'd on high,  
 With point directed now to both our Hearts,  
 Should neither break nor stagger my resolves,  
 I would possess thee, though I died that Moment,  
 So wrapt in Joy I would my Life resign,  
 In extasies of Bliss I'd upward climb ;  
 Else on thy Lips I'd leave my parting Soul,  
 And giddy with delight to darkness roul. (*Struggles with her.*)

*Ant.* Help, help, Murder.

*Enter*

*Enter Arcanes with his Sword drawn.*

*Arc.* Oh Villany! unheard of Villany,  
Traytor, forego the Princess and prepare  
From my just Sword to meet thy final Doom.  
Is this the manner that you treat my Queen,  
Whose Fame will suffer by your barbarous acts.

*Arb.* Thou younger half of the usurping Brood.  
How dar'st thou here pretend to Question me,  
Or examine the Conduct of a Prince above thee.

*Ant.* Oh protect me, Brother, thou better part  
Of my dear, dear *Amphialus*.

*Arc.* Unhand her, Villain, I've no time to talk.

*Arb.* Yes, to correct thy Insolence I will. *(Draws.)*

*Ant.* Preserve him Fate——ah, ah, ah! *(As they fight  
Antimora trembles and shrieks.)*

*Arc.* I am prepar'd to meet thy utmost hate.

*Arb.* This to thy Heart. *(they fight.)*

*Arc.* That to cool thy raging Blood.

*Arb.* Malicious Stars, you've shown your greatest spight,  
And here I sink beneath a Striplings Sword. *(falls.)*

*Ant.* Oh you just Powers! the cursed Monster falls.

*Enter Pirotto.*

*Pirot.* I hear the Noise of clashing Swords this way,  
A sound too harsh for the affairs of Love.

*Arb.* Oh! *Pirotto*! thy aid comes now too late,  
And I expire by *Arcanes* Arm,  
'Tis he has rob'd me of Revenge and Blifs,  
But Oh! I charge thee to employ thy Brain,

And work their ruin to appease my Ghost,  
I can no more — farewell. *(faints.)*

*Pirot.* He's gone, for ever sunk in endless Night,  
Traytor and Traytress what is your reward.

*Ant.* All that is due for saving Innocence,  
The Queen must pay to him.

*Pirot.* Shame, Punishment and Death shall be your lot;  
What ho, a Guard there. *(Enter Guard.)*

Watch these vile Murderers with strictest care,  
Fly to the Queen, and beg her presence here,  
That she at once her Brother may behold,  
And doom the treacherous pair to tortures.

*Arc.* The Queen's too good, thou base thou canker'd thing,  
Whose innate malice far exceeds the Feinds,  
When she shall know the Justice of the Act —

*Pirot.* Yes, yes, the Queen shall know, *Arcanes,*  
And all your black contrivances shall out,  
The dark designs you've laid shall now appear,  
And startle Nature with your monstrous Crimes.

*Arc.* Thou worst of Fiends and in the ugliest form,  
Thou more than Devil, thou all *Pirotto,*  
Canst thou question if this act be Justice,  
When her clear Fame bright as the Morning Star,  
Call'd loud for vengeance on the Traytor's Head,  
Nor need I blush to own the glorious deed,  
When in defence of Vertue here 'twas done.

*Ant.* Thou matchless Youth, thou something more than  
Thou art my Guardian Angel in distress, *[Brother,*  
Let his projecting Brain new Mischiefs form,  
And to a Column let his Malice swell;  
Whilst we secure in our unsullied Minds,  
Walk heedless by this great impending ill.

*Pirot.* You talk it well, but you shall quickly find,  
That I'm to punish, not to Words inclin'd.

*Enter*

*Enter Queen, Geronta, Guards and Attendants.*

*Queen.* What means this rude Alarm, *Pinotto* speak,  
And why this strange disorder in your Looks?

*Pirot.* See who lies there cover'd with Royal Gore,  
And then if more your Majesty would know,  
There stand the Murderers.

*Queen.* Ha! *Arbaces*, my Royal Brother dead,  
And is it thus thy faithful Love is paid;  
Henceforth no more let *Scythia* bear the Name,  
Of salvage, false and barbarous Clime, since here's  
A proof, *Corinth* out-does thy Cruelty.  
Let this Sleep in everlasting silence,  
This curst Act will blast my Nations Glory,  
And Strangers will abhor *Zelmene's* Name.

*Pirot.* Ha! either my Sence deceives me, or I find,  
A trembling motion in his Pulse. *(aside.)*  
Bear his Body to my Apartment streight,  
I there will mourn in private o're my Friend,  
And beg the Gods they would restore that Soul, *(Guards exit)*  
Whose vast Ambition may the World controul. *(with the Body.)*

*Arc.* Royal Madam ———

*Pirot.* Shall he the Murderer be allow'd to plead.

*Arc.* I'll not extenuate my guilt, but ———

*Queen.* Be dumb and only answer with thy Tears,  
For such a deed whole Rivers does require,  
Nor could that wash thy blotted stain away.  
Say, *Pirotto*, how was this perform'd.

*Pirot.* Then briefly thus ———  
This Prince whose Sword you see unsheath'd and stain'd,  
By secret means got entrance to this place,  
By *Antimora's* Plot I do suppose,

To —

To act this horrid wickedness.

*Ant.* Go on thou vile detested Man, go on,  
My Vertue shrinks not at thy foul aspersion,  
You that with guilded Villany abuse,  
The Ears of a too gracious Queen.

*Ger.* When Noblemen are charg'd with Crimes like the se,  
'Tis fit the Evidence be strong and clear,  
Nor must they fall on bare conjectures only.

*Pirot.* My proofs are plain and obvious as the Light.  
When I gave the Prince *Arbaces* entrance,  
To *Antimora*, as the Queen commanded,  
This young *Arcanes* was it seems conceal'd,  
E're since the violence which I receiv'd  
From Prince *Amphialus*, I watch'd with care,  
Least he had laid some treacherous Design,  
To free the Captive Princess underhand;  
But as I just approach't this fatal Door,  
*Arcanes* stab'd your Brother to the Heart,  
And heard these Words distinctly spoke by her,  
*A thousand Blessings on thee for this deed,*  
*Thou'st freed me from this Wretch, this worst of plagues,*  
*The Plot was noble, and the Action brave.*

*Ant.* Oh you just Powers! protect my wrong'd Innocence.

*Queen.* Oh horror! horror, dismal to the Ear,  
But I will punish ye, as ye deserve,  
Yes, perfidious Maid I will:  
Confused guilt appears in all thy Looks,  
And cloaths thy conscious Face in scarlet die,  
That scornful Smile hastens thy ruin on,  
For know Ingrateful, I am Sovereign here, thou diest.

*Ant.* Thy threats might fright and shake *Plebeian* Souls,  
But they want force to bend my resolution,  
I am a Princess equal to thy self,  
And though the chance of War my Person chains,

Thy

Thy Law wants power to subject my Mind,  
Nor dare you to pass sentence on my Life,  
Directly opposite to Martial Law,  
For if thou dost, all Nations will revenge  
My Death, and make my cause their own.

*Queen.* Art thou so haughty minded in thy Bonds.

*Ant.* Yes, Innocence should never stoop to fear,  
Since I see you Credit that Impostor,  
I will be bold and tell the sacred Truth.

*Arcanes* by the Gods was sent to save  
My threatned Vertue from that Monstrous Prince,  
Whose black design brought Ravishment in view,  
A deed as fatal to your Countries Peace,  
Had it been acted, as my Death will be.

*Pierot.* Oh monstrous Combination! hea Ravisher!  
He that languish'd and even died for Love,  
That begg'd her Majesty this fatal Day  
To assist his suit, and make you Queen of *Scythia*;  
Madam,

You know I am no Stranger to the cause,  
'Twas for *Amphialus* this Prince was slain.

*Arc.* Ha! name not my Brother, by the Stars I charge thee,  
Least I forget the presence of my Queen,  
And ram thy accusation down thy throat. *(passionately)*

*Queen.* Sure we shall tame your furious Natures,  
A Guard there ——— seize him, you're not a Kingdoms Heir,  
*(the Guard seize Arcanes)*

I shall not sure be brav'd by you ———  
Nor shall I, Madam, now dispute your Birth,  
You've doubly broke our just *Corinthian* Laws,  
And must by them be justified or doom'd,  
Nor will your close insinuating Arts,  
By which you steal my best Subjects from me,  
Befriend you in the great concern of Life.

*Art. To*

To act this horrid wickedness.

*Ant.* Go on thou vile detested Man, go on,  
My Vertue shrinks not at thy foul asperſion,  
You that with guilded Villany abuſe,  
The Ears of a too gracious Queen.

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'Tis fit the Evidence be ſtrong and clear,  
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E're ſince the violence which I receiv'd  
From Prince *Amphialus*, I watch'd with care,  
Leaſt he had laid ſome treacherous Deſign,  
To free the Captive Princeſs underhand;  
But as I juſt approach't this fatal Door,  
*Arcanes* ſtab'd your Brother to the Heart,  
And heard theſe Words diſtinctly ſpoke by her,  
*A thouſand Bleſſings on thee for this deed,*  
*Thou'ſt freed me from this Wretch, this worſt of plagues,*  
*The Plot was noble, and the Action brave.*

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But I will puniſh ye, as ye deſerve,  
Yes, perfidious Maid I will:  
Confuſed guilt appears in all thy Looks,  
And cloaths thy conſcious Face in ſcarlet die,  
That ſcornful Smile haſtens thy ruin on,  
For know Ingrateful, I am Sovereign here, thou dieſt.

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But they want force to bend my reſolution,  
I am a Princeſs equal to thy ſelf,  
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Nor dare you to pass sentence on my Life,  
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Whose black design brought Ravishment in view,  
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Had it been acted, as my Death will be.

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Least I forget the presence of my Queen,  
And ram thy accusation down thy throat. *(passionately.)*

*Queen.* Sure we shall tame your furious Natures,  
A Guard there ——— seize him, you're not a Kingdoms Heir,  
*(the Guard seize Arcanes.)*

I shall not sure be brav'd by you ———  
Nor shall I, Madam, now dispute your Birth,  
You've doubly broke our just *Corinthian* Laws,  
And must by them be justified or doom'd,  
Nor will your close insinuating Arts,  
By which you steal my best Subjects from me,  
Besfriend you in the great concern of Life.

*Art.* To

*Arc.* To save my Life I would not waſt a Breath.  
 But when ſuch matchleſs Verrue calls for help,  
 I can endure to ſtand no longer ſilent,  
 Witneſs that bright Saint which I defended,  
 Witneſs the Stars above and Earth below :  
 Had my Queen, the Patron of all Goodneſs,  
 Seen with what violence he did uſe the Princeſs,  
 Your vertuous Soul would have abhorr'd the deed,  
 And you your ſelf commanded what is done.

*Queen.* I'll hear no more —  
 My Brothers Blood for vengeance loudly calls,  
 Seize 'em both and bear 'em to the Dungeon, (*Guards ſeize*  
 The Law ſhall paſs this Night upon them. *them.*

*Ant.* Oh ! hold,  
 Thus I put off the grearneſs of my Birth,  
 And fall an humble Slave beneath your Feet,  
 I'll on your Royal Robe for ever hang,  
 And force your Mercy with inceſſant Pray'r.  
 Oh ! ſpare *Arcanes*, ſpare that valiant Prince,  
 Whoſe youthful Arm crown'd your Land with Conqueſt,  
 If for a Deed ſo juſt the Warriour falls,  
 All Nations when they hear't will curſe your Name,  
 The Powers will ſoon our Innocence reveal,  
 Yes, I know they will, Oh ſpare him, Madam,  
 And if 'tis neceſſary one muſt die,  
 Let me alone purſue the mighty leap,  
 Spare him, and let my Fate  
 Attone for loſt *Arbaces*.

*Queen.* My Heart ſinks and all my Courage fails me. (*aſide.*)

*Ant.* Oh ! let pity touch your generous Soul,  
 And ſave him, ſave him for his Brothers ſake,  
 That wondrous Man, that Bulwark of your Crown,  
 Who *Caſar* like, your Battels bravely gains,  
 And makes your Name a terror to your Foes.

*Queen.* Yes,

*Queen.* Yes, Princess, yes, I know for whom you sue,  
'Tis for *Amphialus* sake you ask his life :  
Your haughty Temper nothing else cou'd bend,  
Only to save the Brother of your Love:  
But know proud Maid, 'tis for his sake you die.  
Away with them.

*Arc.* Oh ! do not wast thy Tears in vain for me,  
Whose very drop is worth a Kingdoms Crown.  
I would not live, cause I'd not disobey  
The least Command my Royal Mistress gave.

*Ant.* Come then you Slaves and quickly bear me on, [*rising.*  
Each Minute seems an Age till I am gone ;  
Had I but known 'twas for his sake I dy'd,  
I ne'er had ask'd you to be Justified.  
For him,  
If more could be, I more then Life would give ;  
And for *Amphialus* alone I live.  
No joyful Bridegroom on his Wedding night  
Can be transported with more true delight,  
Than I, to find for whose dear sake I fall ;  
I know my Death will be reveng'd on thee ;  
Thou Lov'st him *Queen*, but he loves only me:  
For me he sighs, for me the Hero dies,  
While in despair the proud *Zelmanes* lies.

*Queen.* Confusion !

*Ant.* Whose Jealous Soul such Wrecking passions fill,  
That what her Charms can't conquer, she with rage will kill.

*Queen.* Dragg her hence ye Slaves. [*Exit Antimora.*  
Brav'd to my face, this Wings thy fate proud Girl ;  
Yes, thou diest, nor should thy Kingdom save thee,  
Tho' in thy fall I sunk my self for ever. [*Going.*

*Arcan.* Stay yet a Moment most admir'd of *Queens*,  
By day of all my thoughts the only Theme,  
And all the Subject of my Dreams by night ;

G

From

From you the sentence of my Death is welcome,  
Nor will I e'er complain of rigid fate.  
Permit me but e'er I from hence remove  
To unload my Soul of one great secret.

*Queen.* Be brief, What would'st thou say?

*Arc.* Since the cold dark Grave sweeps all Distinction,  
And dying Men confess there long hid Crimes,  
'Cause what they dreaded were approaching near,  
For Death's the utmost punishment on Earth,  
More I cannot merit for this bold Truth,  
For Oh! I Love the Great the Fair *Zelmire*.  
E'er since my Eyes did first behold her Face;  
I gaz'd methought with pleasure on your Charms,  
And something felt for which I knew no name;  
But as my Years Advanc'd that something grew,  
Till by experience taught I found 'twas Love.

*Pirot.* Oh! Arrogance unparalell'd.

*Geront.* Now by the Honour of a Soldiers Name,  
Far from his Eyes is Arrogance remov'd;  
And his soft Tongue speaks only humble Love.

*Queen.* I am amaz'd! Sure thou art Mad *Arcanes*,  
The Horror of thy guilt has turn'd thy Brain.

*Arc.* I am indeed a Wretch forlorn and lost;  
But know no guilt for ought but Loving you.  
May endless Peace and Plenty Crown your Days,  
And they be lengthen'd to a good old Age,  
Even till you shall wish to put them off,  
May not one Care offend you. —  
This Day I thought the happiest of my Life,  
When from your Finger you bestow'd this Ring,  
With Multiplicity of praise on me;  
My Soul transported with the Royal Gift,  
Revel'd in boundless Seas of pleasure, — Now  
Since the great ebb of Life is almost run,

And

And rude unholy Hands will ransack here,  
 I thus restore it on my humble knees, [Offers the Ring.  
 Not yet defil'd with any touch but mine.

*Geront.* Did ever Youth speak with so sweet a Grace,

*Queen.* Pity flows in, and I am lost in thought.

Ha ! where am I, amidst my Mortal Foes ?

And am I list'ning to my Brothers Murderer ?

Wake me *Pirotto* from this Dream of Mercy,

And save thy *Queen* from such Distemper'd passion.

*Pirot.* Guards bear hence your Prisoner streight.

*Queen.* Love and Death, oh ! ill match'd sounds,

Oh ! *Zelmane*, where will thy misfortunes drive the ?

Support thy *Queen* *Geronta*.

*Arca.* Without a Sigh I to my Death will move,

And think it gentler far than slighted Love, [Exunt Guards.

*Queen.* Of my Brothers Body take peculiar care

*Pirotto*, see him Royally inter'd,

Whilst I retire to ruminate on Woe,

That none but great disparting Lovers know ;

Sure none so curst, so lost as I appear ;

For while I seek revenge, the mighty stroke falls here.

[Pointing to her Breast.

[Exit led off by *Geronta*.

*End of the third Act*

## A C T IV.

## SCENE the PALACE.

Amphialus, Geronte.

*Amph.* O h! you Malignant Stars, ye all conspire  
 To shed your Poys'nous venome on my Head,  
 No lucky Planet ever shin'd on me;  
 Sure all the Powers Jarr'd when I was Born,  
 And in their Rage they curst what e're they made.  
 My Darling Brother, but why name I him,  
 When *Antimora*, when my Mistress dyes?  
 Yet I am Tame, and hold this Generals staff,  
 Like the weak Bull-rush of an idle Boy,  
 And stir not in my Loves defence.

*Geront.* Smother that rising thought within thy Breast,  
 Let not Rebellion taint thy Glorious Life,  
 Tho' she has sign'd their Deaths, she's still thy Queen;  
 And they were both by Law Condemn'd to dye.  
 My Heart bleeds for the Fair Captive Princess,  
 And for the good, the Meritorious Youth;  
 Yet 'twas not in my Power to stop their Fate;  
 Nor would I by Treachery my Father save.

*Amph.* Ha! hold my Brain; be still my beating Heart;  
 What, must they suffer then!

*Geront.* Immediately.

*Amph.* 'Tis false, impossible, I cannot bear it:  
 And talk to me no more of Loyalty or Faith,  
 For I will cancel all, as they have brok't with me.  
 Have I not thrice brought Conquest to this Crown?

Do

Do I not now return from Bloody Fields,  
 Where I have Kill'd and Scatter'd all her Foes?  
 For at my Name they flew like Lightning thence.  
 And does the Queen reward me thus at last?  
 Oh! I am wild as raging Winds can be.  
 Yes, I will lay this haughty Palace low,  
 Low as the Dust I'll beat her Circling Walls,  
 And Crush my self or save my *Antimora*.

*Geront.* Tho' I'm thy Friend I cannot hear these Words;  
 My Duty tells me I must Guard my Queen;  
 Nor canst thou Act what thy Mad frenzy talks;  
 For tho' *Zelmane's* Love has plac'd thee High,  
 There still are Soldiers Faithful to the Queen,  
 And Nobles too that will not see her Wrong'd.

*Amph.* Nor did I mean it. Oh! forgive me good old Man,  
 Since Woes, like mine, may well excuse my Tongue.  
 But say, is there no way to save them left?

*Geront.* Yes, one there is, and that is in your Power.

*Amph.* Oh! Name it, quickly name it, that I may,  
 Swift as my wishes, Fly to save my Love.

*Geront.* Espouse the Queen, and then the Power's yours.

*Amph.* Oh! horror, horror! Shield me all ye Stars,  
 And let not such a Thought once touch my Breast,  
 For all the Riches of the Spangled Globe.

*Geront.* Behold they come Condemn'd, and ready for the  
 (stroak.

*Enter Anti. and Arcanes Guarded.*

*Amph.* Oh! Love, oh! Nature, canst thou bear this sight?  
 Burst ye Balls that let this Object in,  
 And break thou throbbing Heart that I may die  
 Before 'em.

Oh, my Love, my Life, my *Antimora*,

[Runs into her Arms.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* And have the Powers blest me with thy sight  
Before die, my Dear *Amphialus*?

They've smooth'd my passage so by this kind Act,  
That I with pleasure shall my Journey take,  
To that great World were nought but souls appear.

*Amph.* Talk not of dying, I Conjure thee, Oh!  
My Brother, my much injur'd dear *Arcanes*,  
Which way shall I divide between you both  
This wretched Body, as my Heart's divided?

[ Embraces him.

*Arca.* Grieve not for me, my Brother, Since I fall  
In Honours cause, and in defence of Vertue,  
I would not wish to die a braver Death;  
Nor could the Field have brought it.—One Embrace,  
And then farewell for ever.

[ Embraces him.

*Amph.* Embrace thee, yes; but cannot say Farewel.

*Ant.* Oh! *Amphialus*, when I am gone for ever from thy eyes,  
Within the cold Embraces of the Grave,  
Wilt thou not now and then bestow a Tear  
Upon the sad misfortunes of thy Love?  
And sometimes say, Why did my Conquering Arm  
Obtain a Victory to destroy that Maid  
Who Lov'd me dear, far dearer than her Life?

*Amph.* Oh! *Antimora* thou hast pierc'd my Heart,  
And made me seem a Monster to my self.  
By all the Powers thou shalt not, must not die:  
Thus will I fold my Arms and Guard thee safe:  
Nor will I quit thee till they cut my hold.  
Yes, I'll be Hew'd and Mangled small as Dust  
E'er I'll resign thee to their cruel rage:  
Then when I feel my Purple Veins run low,  
My Spirits sink, and every Vital fail,  
We'll slide together to the *Elizium* Fields,  
Where no injustice nor oppression Reigns.

*Enter*

*Enter Queen, Attendants.*

*Queen.* Ha! what do I see, oh Confusion!  
Why are these Traytors suffer'd to conferr?  
And why is Execution stay'd so long?

*Amph.* Ha! the Queen!

Thus at your Feet behold your General falls,

[*Casting himself at her Feet.*

He who for you has suffer'd Cold and Wounds;  
Both Winters Camps, and Summers toils endur'd,  
And all to Guard you safely on your Throne;  
He who for you has Thousand lives destroy'd,  
Beggs only two be given him in return.

*Queen.* Prince, when Allegiance was your only care,  
And while your Actions bore the Stamp of Honour,  
Then *Amphialus* could not ask his Queen  
A Boon, tho' ne'er so great, she'd have refus'd;  
My giving hand still Crown'd your wishes, Sir,  
Faster than thought could form them in your Mind;  
But when the Traytor pays his Vows elsewhere,  
Assaults my Friends, and would usurp my Throne,  
I over-pay his deeds in that I let him live.

*Amph.* Oh! kill me Madam, e'er you blast my Fame.  
Be Witness for me all ye Powers above,  
If e'er a thought like these once toucht my Heart!  
Usurp your Throne! Oh! all the Stars forbid,  
I've liv'd too long to be a Traytor held;  
And beg your Majesty will Doom my Death,  
Empale me streight, or Rack me on the Wheel,  
I care not which so you will save but these;  
I'll blest you for't, and die without a Groan.

*Queen.* My Rage grows cool, nor can I keep it Warm,  
Now the Fond Passion steals upon my Heart,

And

And Majesty submits to powerful Love. [Aside.]  
 Had'st thou rather die, than Live, to Save her !  
 Life is no trifle : think of that *Amphialus*.

*Amph.* 'Tis less than nothing when compar'd with Love :  
 And who could wish to keep it, when 'tis stain'd  
 With that foul Contagion of a Traytors name ?

*Queen.* But say that I should pass that rumour by,  
 And let a price that thou their Lives may save ?

*Amph.* Then would my Gracious Queen o'er-pay me All ;  
 And I for ever would resound her Praise.  
 If you demand my Blood, here sluice my Veins,  
 And let the Liquid swelling Channels flow ;  
 Or if to add new Lawrels to your Crown,  
 Command me Conquer all the spacious World.

*Queen.* An easier task is what I hear design,  
 Which if perform'd, they both shall live.

*Amph.* Oh ! name it quickly.

*Geront.* Let me the blushes of my Queen prevent :  
 Do you perform great *Philemon's* Will,  
 And she'll revoke their sentence.

[Starts, and stands Motionless.]

*Amph.* Oh *Antimora* !

*Ant.* Take heed *Amphialus*, maintain thy Vows,  
 As I my resolution will maintain.  
 Approaching Death shocks not with fear like this :  
 Let me be an Age in Torment, rather  
 Than live on forfeit of thy Faith.

*Arca.* Remember, Brother, what thou'st sworn to me ;  
 And Load me not with Life, to curse me ever.

*Queen.* Is it too hard to be resolv'd on then ?  
 Dally not with the fury of my Rage ;  
 If you do 'twill fall with weight upon you.

*Geront.* Now, who can blame the Queen, 'tis Love does all,  
 Then straight comply, or you will lose your time.

*Queen.*

*Queen.* Ha ! hasthen my mercy turn'd thee into Stone ;  
 And have I wav'd my Brothers loss for this,  
 Forgot my Injuries, and stoopt so low,  
 To be rejected by my Slave ! ——— Proceed.  
 To Execution streight, sure that will Wake thee.

*Amph.* Hold, hold, ye Slaves, here take this perjur'd Wretch,  
 This cursed abject thing which you have made .

[Throwing himself at her Feet.

*Ant.* *Amphialus* ! my Lord, my Love, What did'st thou say ?  
 Oh ! think if you consent 'tis you that give  
 Your *Antimora* and your Brother Death.

*Arc.* Oh, Brother.

*Amph.* Oh ! Torture not to be indur'd by Man. [Rising.  
 Come then Condemn usall, and glut thy Rage  
 In Blood, but talk of Love no more. [They all Embrace.

Thus in each others Arms our Dooms we'll face,  
 And breath our Souls out in a strict Embrace.

*Queen.* Then Perish all ; so shall my Soul be free  
 From all the Racking Pangs of slighted Love.  
 Guards, take hence your Prisoners, Let her the Rack indure ;  
 And let her Lover see her Dying Pangs.  
 Hence from my Breast, be gone thou Tyrant, fly ;  
 Let mighty Rage the place of Love supply,  
 Be all a Queen, and let the Traytors die. [Exit }

*Anti.* Look up my Dear, my everlasting Love,  
 Why dost thou grieve thy Heart for me, Oh ! speak ;  
 Alas, I fear his Soul has tane its flight,  
 And quite out-strip us in the race of Death.

*Geront.* This dismal sight drowns my Eyes in pity.

[Weeps.

*Arcan.* See, he revives only to die again.  
 See her die, said she the Rack, Oh ! Inhumane,  
 Oh ! execrable thought, not to be Born :  
 Oh, stop the Fatal order dearest Friend.

H

While

While I pursue the Queen, and once more try  
to save them.

[Exit.

*Arcan.* Brother, oh! think upon the lost *Arcanes*.

*Anti.* He's gone, and I am Doom'd the greatest Wretch  
That ever Lov'd, or ever sigh'd in Chains,  
Widdow'd, forsaken, and forlorn I stand,  
Yet none will put a period to my grief.  
Why disobey you thus your Queens Command?  
Bring out the Rack, prepare with utmost Art  
Torments Exquisite as her Command,  
Or e'er Religious Cruelty bestow'd,  
*Arcadia's* Princess shall with Courage meet 'em.

*Geront.* Have patience, Madam, Fate has various turns.

*Enter an Officer with a Paper.*

*Officer.* The Queen, *Geronta*, sends her full and ample  
Pardon, in these Credentials, to the Princess *Antimora*,  
And the Brave *Arcanes*. [Gives him a Paper.

*Anti.* Unwelcome Messenger of hated Life,  
For well I know the price that he has paid.

*Arc.* Where is the Queen, and where my Brother?

*Officer.* Now at the Altar, where the Priest has Joyn'd  
Their hands.

*Ant.* Oh! shame to Honour, Cruel Perjur'd Man.

*Arc.* Oh! Treacherous and base *Amphialus*.

[A Shout within.

Long live *Amphialus* King of *Corinth*.

*Arc.* Ay—theres the Sound that glads the Ambitious Soul;  
What raises thee, sinks me down for ever :  
Thus Randonelots of Fate does fall, and we,  
Born to submit, can no ways ward the blow.

*Anti.* My Lord, permit me to retire from hence ;

My

My Spirit sickens, and my strength does Fail.  
*Arcadians* Maids, Companions of my Fate,  
 With your hand support your dying Mistress,  
 Since mixt with Life, such cruel Torments reign,  
 Quick, free my Soul, and rid me of all Pain ;  
 For sure hereafter can no sharper prove,  
 Than here the Pangs do, of forsaken Love.

[Exit, led off by her Women and Geronta.

*Geront.* Be it as you Please,  
 I'll to the Queen.  
 I grieve to see the Court of *Corinth* thus.

*Arcanes Solus.*

*Arca.* Oh ! Cruel Barbarous, hard Hearted Brother,  
 I must for ever my hard Fate deplore,  
 Nor Dream of Joy, nor of my Queen no more :  
 Here will I fix me to my Native Clay,  
 Repeating still her Name, sigh Life away.

[Lies down.

*Enter Amphialus:*

*Amph.* 'Tis done, 'tis done, the Perjur'd deed is done.  
 Oh ! all ye Fiends that shake your Chains below,  
 Venting your Tortures with repeated yells,  
 I hear defy the Worst of all your Crew,  
 To match an anxious Soul with pains like mine,  
 Let Nature sicken, and increase decay,  
 The Earth be Barren and no more bring forth ;  
 Let Night and Day no constant motion hold,  
 And let the World to its First *Chaos* shrink,  
 And all things here into confusion fly,  
 Great as the trouble which my Mind endures.

H 2

Oh !

Oh! *Antimora*, Oh, — Ha! my Brother [Sees him.]  
 Stretch'd on the Earth, Oh! rise my dearest Friend.

*Arc.* Ha! who prophanes the sacred Name of Friend?

[Rising.]

Stand off, far off, and e'er my whirling Brain  
 Reflects upon th' inestimable loss,  
 Sustain'd by one that falsly call'd me Friend;  
 I charge thee fly, least thy stay be Fatal.

*Amph.* Oh! Brother. —

*Arc.* Brother, ha! Perjur'd Man is't thou! here, here  
 Sheath thy Dagger in my Hearts warm Blood,  
 For thou hast rob'd me of my Soul already.

*Amph.* The Powers forbid I shou'd destroy that Life  
 Which I have broke my Faith to keep; Oh! *Antimora*.

*Arc.* Oh, thou hast wrong'd that Charming Innocence  
 Beyond all hope of pardon; and for me,  
 Had'st thou a thought of me in this curst deed?  
 Thou hast preserv'd me, true, but to what End?  
 To worse than Death, to Misery and Pain.  
 How I have Lov'd you, you your self can tell;  
 The constant duty which I paid you still,  
 Was such as Sons do to their Fathers pay,  
 Or Pious Saints when they for mercy sue:  
 But here I throw it off, disclaim it all;  
 And since you refuse to do me Justice,  
 Guard your own Life, for Death does waiting stand,  
 And won't return without his Loading back.

[Draws.]

*Amph.* Oh! all ye Powers protect my Brother.

*Arc.* I have no Brother, nor no Friend on Earth.  
 There was a man that once bare such a Name,  
 But he's a King, and lives I know not where;  
 A Perjur'd false ungrateful King —  
 Whilt thou not draw?

*Amph.* Oh! thou dost load me with severest words,

Yet

Yet I will bear them all, and Bless thee fort;  
And when with chiding me thou weary grow'st,  
Send my Love to raise my Woes yet higher:  
I will not Fight thee.

*Arc.* Oh! that I could meet some dire destroying Arm,  
Stretch't out for slaughter of all humane Race,  
That I might cut my woeful Sorrows off  
Like poppy's Heads, before the Reapers hand.

*Amph.* How wild he look's! *Arcanes*, oh! *Arcanes*,  
Forgive the Wretch that's curst above thee.

*Arc.* My Brain turns round, and all my Sences Dance;  
My Soul's trasplanted to another Clime;  
See--Where *Zelma* sits Enthron'd with Stars,  
I'll mount the Draggons-Wing, and reach her streight.  
Get me a Chariot made of Ambient Air,  
Boreas the Coachman, and the Steeds be Winds,  
I'll Dart through all that dares impede my way,  
And reach the Region of immortal day. [Runs off.]

*Amph.* Curst *Amphialus*, what has thy rashness done?  
See the event thy Fatal Nuptials bring:  
The Mourning, injur'd *Antimora* comes.  
Open thou Earth, and hide me from her sight;  
Or strike me *Jove* with swiftest Thunder down.

*Enter Antimora.*

*Ant.* Where do I wander in the World of care?  
What! do I see that false, that Perjur'd Man?  
Fly *Antimora*, fly the killing sight,  
Tho' thou canst ne'er dislodge him from thy Heart.

*Amph.* Oh! *Antimora*, stay, thou Charming Maid,  
Why dost thou shun the Wretch that's Curst for thee?

*Ant.*

*Ant.* For me your Majesty no Pains can know,  
For great *Zelmane* drives those Cares away.  
I must confess you'd reason in the Choice,  
I but a Captive, she a Sovereign Queen.

*Amph.* Oh ! name her not, the sound is fatal grown,  
And nought but Terror of thy cruel Doom,  
Could have forc'd me to the hated deed.

*Ant.* Think not I'll credit thy deluding Tongue :  
No, false *Amphialus*, No.

*Amph.* Oh ! all ye Powers Dost think I Love the Queen ?

*Anti.* Else thou never would'st have made me Wretched,  
Could'st thou believe I had a Soul so Poor  
To buy my Life at so profuse a rate,  
And make thy Perjuries atone her Rage ?  
Oh ! no, not all the wealth of *Corinths* Crown,  
What do I say ? not all the Crowns on Earth,  
Tho' offer'd at my Feet, could shake my Faith :  
Nor Death with all his pompous Train of Woes,  
Should once have made me quit my Right in thee.  
But thou, tho' bound with sacred Hymens ties,  
For vast Ambition couldst forgo thy Wife,  
Tho' I'm as Noble born as she thou'st tane,  
Nay, had the prospect of a Throne in view,  
Nothing inferiour to that Crown you wear.

*Amph.* Crowns I dispise, for I have Conquer'd them ;  
Yet never wish'd to Rule the head-strong Crow'd,  
Whose Turbulent and discontented Minds  
Destroy the quiet of their Sovereigns Peace :  
No, thou art all I ever wish'd on Earth,  
With thee I could have liv'd in humble Shades  
Far distant hence remov'd from humane kind,  
And thought my self more great than Monarchs are.  
But, oh ! thou wound'st me with thy kind reproach,  
Much deeper far then if thou gav'st me Death ;

For

For this is dying on the Rack for ever.

Oh! stay, I cannot live without thy sight,

The Queen shall know my vows were paid to thee:

Yes, she shall know thou art my Wedded Wife.

*Ant.* Thou should'st have told her that before, false Man;  
What can the discovery now avail thee?

Only to pull destruction on thy Head,

And blacken all the story of thy Life.

I thought the Man that I had chose, had known

No turning of deceit, but strictly liv'd

A slave to the nicest Rules of Honour.

Thou hast deceiv'd the Queen and me alike:

We both are Wretched, and thy self Forlorn.

Oh! *Amphialus*, still that name hangs on my Tongue,

Had it not better been that I had died,

Than after some few days of Mourning paid

For the untimely fall of *Antimora*,

Thou might'st have VVed without this Load of guilt,

And I with pleasure have resign'd my Breath,

Because I thought thee true?

*Amph.* And wilt thou not beleive I'm still the same?

Break, break my heart, why dost thou struggle so?

What am I then grown hateful to thy Eyes?

And wilt thou leave thy Husband to Dispair?

None ever sure mistook so much as I:

For what I thought the greatest proof of Love,

Divides me farthest from the thing lov'd.

*Ant.* Yes, we must part, *Amphialus*, for ever part,

The stars decree it ——— Oh! a long farewell;

May'st thou be blest, whatever comes on me.

[Exit.]

*Amph.* Oh! stay, I'll bar thy Passage with my Body

[Throws himself down.]

She's gone, and I am left the image of dispair:

Here will I lye, and never rise again,

But

But howl my Sorrow to the listning VVinds,  
Till Madneſs, great as what my Brother feels,  
Deſtroy my thought, and give my paſſions eaſe.

*Enter the Queen attended.*

*Queen.* See where he lies extended on the Earth,  
As if he grew a piece of that cold clay !  
Is this a Pillow for a Bridegrooms head ?  
And theſe the Joys that Grace our Marriage day ?  
Look up my Lord, it is thy Queen that calls.

*Amph.* You was my Queen, oh ! that you ſtill were ſo,  
VVith what willingneſs would I then obey ;  
But I am alter'd quite ;  
No more a Subject to the beſt of Queens,  
But am become a miferable King.

*Queen.* I know my Place is to obey thee now ;  
Nor ſhall thy frowns prevent my duty, Prince ;  
VVith prudent care I'll ſearch thy Temper out,  
Till I have ſofter'd thy hard Heart to Love.

*Amph.* Oh ! Name not Love, for we are ſtrangers grown ;  
VVhen I have told the ſtory of my woes,  
Then Judge thy ſelf, if ever man indur'd  
In loathſome Dungeons, ſhut from chearful day,  
One half of what my weary'd Soul ſuſtains.

*Queen.* Alas !

*Amph.* Nay, if thou ſigh e'er I the tale begin  
What wilt thou do when I have told it out ?  
Prepare to Curſe Zelmane, thou haſt cauſe,  
My Brother, that dear Brother whom I Love ;  
And who ———  
Twice ſav'd my Life with hazard of his own :

Once

Once when a Poyson'd Arrow struck my Breast,  
 The dear kind Youth suck'd all the Venom thence:  
 In this last Field he did again preserve me.  
 For thee he long has nurst a hopeless Flame;  
 I to sooth it, swore Ine'er would Wed thee:  
 Mad as the raging Winds he flies about,  
 And Reason with his Joys is all destroy'd.

*Queen.* My Heart with thine does melt in Tears of pity,  
 And wish I could bring comfort to his grief.

*Amph.* Yet this is but the half of what I bear;  
 That Maid, whom I wedded thee to save,  
 Fair *Antimora*, is my Lawful Wife;  
 My first, Curse on the thought, that I a second have:  
 In my fond Heart and vital Blood she lives,  
 And, oh! I die without her ———

*Queen.* Oh! *Amphialus* take peculiar care,  
 Least from my wrongs revenge shou'd rise.

*Amph.* Oh! Let it rage, and doom my instant Death;  
 It is the greatest Blessing in thy power to give.

*Queen.* Ha! wake *Zelma* from this Dream of Joy,  
 Stain not the Honour of thy Life and Reign,  
 By forcing to thy Arms a Wretch unworthy  
 Married. Oh! Matchless piece of Treachery;  
 Yes, I will rage and tear thee from my Breast,  
 Thou exquisite deceiver of my Sex:  
 Since you despise the softness of my Love,  
 All that was Kind and Dove-like in my Nature,  
 Prepare to hear the angry Lyon Roar,  
 To see thy self to Ruin hurry'd on,  
 Without the power to stop the rowling Torrent.

*Amph.* Let it come on, I like the Motion well: [*Rises.*  
 I'll bear th' Effects with unexampled Patience.

*Queen.* Call in *Geronta*, and the attending Lords:  
 Thou need'st not fear that I'll be slow to act.

*Enter Geronta and Lords.*

My Lords,

Your Queen has been abus'd by this base Man,  
Beyond the suffering of a Saint to bear;  
He Marry'd me, to save the Captives Life  
To whom his Vows were plighted long before;  
Thus I, who stoop'd to raise this crawling Worm,  
Was made a property to serve his private end;  
An act for which he well deserves to die.

*Amph.* I own the guilt, and ask no milder Fate.

*Queen.* But cause I lov'd the perjur'd Traytor once,  
Tho' now my Injuries have turn'd my Heart,  
Yet shall it not convert to Mortal rage:  
Nor shall he go unpunish'd for the boldness.

*Geront.* Your princely Wisdom, Madam, shines so bright  
And so conspicuous to the Eyes of all,  
Your Subjects needs must own the Sentence just.  
Oh! that I ne'er had urg'd him on.

*[Aside.]*

*Queen.* First then, divest him of all Posts of Trust,  
And then to exile let the Traytor go;  
If he is found in our *Corinthian Coast*  
After three Days, issue a Proclamation forth  
To take his forfeit Head:  
The Senate shall dissolve our Marriage streight,  
And give me back my Liberty.  
Yes, Tyrant Man, thy power I here despise,  
Nor will I yield the sweets of Love to try:  
In Glory still I'll place my chief delight,  
And scorn the pleasures of a Bridal Night.

*[Exit with Trains.]*

*Amph.*

*Amphialus solus.*

*Amph.* So when a Ship has lost the Fleet at Sea,  
 When roaring Winds and Tempests clouds the Sky,  
 The sinking Men are all confus'd like me,  
 This difference only, They all fear to die ;  
 I would with eager haste the stroak embrace :  
 But oh ! the Powers deny that healing Grace.  
 Then sure with mine no State could e'er compare,  
 With Life Accurst, and loaded with Despair.

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*End of the Fourth Act.*

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I 2

ACT

## A C T V.

An Alarm within.

*Enter Queen attended.*

*Queen.* **W**Hat mean those loud Allarms so near the Town?  
One of you hasten to the Western Gate:

You to the Tower that o'erlooks the City, [Exit one.]  
Perhaps (for who can read the Hearts of Men) [Exit one.]

*Amphialus* has this Disturbance bred,  
And sow'd sedition in my Soldiers Hearts.  
Oh! what hard fate does Princes Lives attend,  
Whose Subjects Cause they once did nobly serve  
Do never think their Merit meets Reward.

Again a Shout!—Hast and enquire the Cause, [Exit one.]  
Ha! the Noise comes forward, I'm still a Queen,  
And will forget to fear.—Ha! *Geronta.*

*Enter Geronta.*

Say from whence those Martial sounds.

*Geront.* *Corinth* is lost, and we are all Betray'd.

*Queen.* By *Amphialus*, ha! speak.

*Geront.* Oh no, *Pirotto* has betray'd the Fort;  
The Man you Name we want to save us;  
The Soldiers lowdly for their General call,  
That dauntless Man who us'd to lead'em forth,  
And wanting him, their Courage half is lost.

*Queen.*

*Queen.* What's the Calamity? explain it all;  
Why, is *Pirrotto* grown a Traytor now?

*Geront.* No he is not grown, 'twas in his Nature bred:  
*Arbaces* too, by whom this Plot was laid,  
Is living, and Heads the *Arcadian* Force.

*Queen.* Thou ravest.

*Geront.* 'Tis truth. Summon the Greatness of your Soul,  
And call your firmest Courage to your Aid,  
You'll want it all to stand this shock.

*Queen.* No; all the World is arm'd against my Life;  
My barb'rous Brother too, for whose fain'd Death  
I have undone my everlasting Peace.  
What Noise is that?

[Stamping within.]

Enter *Arcanes* Mad.

*Arcan.* Am I arriv'd at the Immortal Plains?  
Yes, yes, I know I am; for there the Goddess  
Of *Eliziam* stands — Here let my Snow White  
Palfreies rest —

I have spur'd 'em hard, and they are tired grown.

*Geront.* Oh, dread effects of inconsiderate Love.

*Queen.* Oh! unhappy Youth.

*Ant.* Hark, hark — the Musick of the Spheres resounds.  
Ha! unhand me Villains, 'tis for my Queen I Fight,  
I'll Crown her Empress of those blessed Shades.  
Ha! What Noise was that?

*Queen.* Gently bear him hence, and let Physicians  
Streight be sent for, to try if Art can calm his Mind.

*Arc.* 'Tis *Arbaces* Monster, Ravisher----that to thy Heart.

[Strikes as if he stab'd some body.]

Ha! What's this my Queen that I have slain?

Ay,

Ay, 'tis *Zelma*! ——— Oh *Zelma*, see, see *Amphialus*?  
 Arms in her Defence, and Vows to kill me for his  
 Beautiful Wife. ——— Ha! he has struck me with a  
 Dart of Ice, colder than Rain congeal'd, or Mountain Snow,  
 Cold, shuddering cold are all my Comforts.

*Geront.* Gentle *Arcanes*, try to rest a while.

*Arc.* Rest! — ha, ha, ha, ha — What's that? — for there's no rest  
 But what *Zelma* gives. — *Antimora* knows it well.  
 I'll tell thee Friend — there are false Lovers — yes, and  
 False Husbands too — but I am none of those — How —  
 Dark it looks — ha! see — *Jove* has snatch'd my Queen.  
 But I'll out-soar the Eagles flight, and dash him  
 Head long down (*throws something up*) I hit him there,  
 Ha! How he tumbles ———

I've wounded Fate by that last mounting Dart,  
 But Love has shot *Zelma* through my Heart.

[*Runs off.*]

*Queen.* Had I been just, these ills had never falln;  
 My Choice misguided my poor Fathers will,  
 And all these Mischiefs do attend my Folly:  
 My General Banish'd, and *Arcanes* Mad,  
 The only two that could have sav'd my Crown.  
 Some of you follow, and secure him straight.  
 Oh, *Geront*! ———

*Geront.* I in my Youth have travell'd half the Globe,  
 In the *Indian* World I learnt a Secret;  
 I have a Receipt for distemper'd Brains,  
 Which by Experience I've effectual found.

*Queen.* Oh! try it then, and may the Powers above  
 With healing Vertue bless thy ministring Hand.

[*Shouts within.*]

*Geront.* Shouts! and joyful ones they seem,  
 Sure relief is nigh.

*Queen.* From whence, or who should bring it to us?  
 No, I will face this barb'rous Brothers Rage,

And

And lead my trusty Soldiers on to War,  
 And force the Traytor from my City Walls;  
 If the Stars ordain that I shall lose my Crown,  
 I will not quit the greatness of my Soul;  
 I'll *Amizsonian* like, my Foes defie,  
 And Courage shall the want of Skill supply:  
 To the last Breath of Life defend my own,  
 And bravely die, or else preserve my Throne.

[Exit.

## S C E N E Changes.

*Enter Pirotto and Soldiers.*

*Pirott.* Turn, turn, ye Slaves, ye Cowards turn,  
 Think for whom it is you fight, — *Arbaces*,  
 The great *Arbaces* will reward you all.

*Soldiers.* *Amphialus, Amphialus.* [Run off hallowing his Name.

*Pirott.* Curse on that Name, a bar to all my hopes,  
 This last push has ruin'd my whole Design.  
 Prince *Arbaces* the *Arcadians* led,  
 Expecting me to joyn him with some force,  
 Which I had brib'd to aid the mighty Cause,  
 But at the Sound of curst *Amphialus's* Name,  
 As if the Genius of their Country spoke,  
 And breath'd Immortal Valour in their Souls,  
 They flock in Numbers to him.

[Shout within.

Ha! another Shout — Fate seems to compass  
 Me on every side, but if I must fall,  
 Yet e'er I die, I may some strokes bestow,  
 And take Companions to the Shades below.

[Exit.

*Enter*

*Enter Amphialus meeting several Soldiers.*

*1st. Officer.* Long live *Amphialus*, and our General ever.

*Amph.* Cease, cease, my Dear and well known trusty Friends,  
Least your tumultuous Joy offend my Queen:  
Let me embrace you all, for this most timely aid.

*2d. Officer.* What gracious Power sent you back, my Lord,  
To succour *Corinth*, and preserve our Lives?

*Amph.* Two of the greatest that the World e'er knew,  
Love and Duty.

Towards the confines, as I took my way,  
Obeying great *Zelmane's* dread Command,

A Rumour ran, That curst *Arbaces* liv'd,  
And was revolted to the *Arcadians*,

And of that dire revengeful Duke obtain'd  
My *Antimora*, to betray this Crown.

This News gave Fire to my Love-sick Heart:

And to my Queen, I so much Duty owe,

That I will aid her 'gainst her own Decree,

And, if possible, preserve her Peace intire.

Y ur Arms, my Friends, brings Victory in view ;

When we have reduc'd 'em, I'll again retire,

And know no Honour but Obedience still.

*1st. Officer.* The powers forbid Sir, nor will we suffer that ;  
The Hearts of all the Army's yours.

*Amph.* I hope no farther than their Duty leads ;  
For I will ne'er encourage ought beside.

The Enemy remains, as in a Prison shut,

Hemm'd in by our victorious Men .

Each to his Post, and let the Charge begin ;

Observe the Orders which I gave you last,

They

Quarter to none allow, but cut 'em off ;  
 But if *Pirotto*, or the *Scythian* Prince  
 Fall in your way, preserve them two alive ;  
 The honourable Death of War's to great for them.

*Officers.* We shall obey you Sir.

[*Exunt Officers.*]

*Amph.* Oh ! *Antimora*,  
 Tho' all success should Crown my conquering Arms,  
 I ne'er must hope to taste thy wond'rous Charms ;  
 And all the pleasure which this act can bring,  
 Is to preserve thee from that Barb'rous King.

[*Exit.*]

*Scene draws, and discovers Arcanes as waking from  
 sleep, Physicians by him.*

*Arc* [*waking*] How happy is that Balm to wretches---Sleep,  
 No Cares perplex them, for their future State,  
 And fear of Death thus dies in senseless sleep :  
 Unruly Love is this way lull'd to rest,  
 And injur'd Honour, when redress is lost,  
 Is no way salv'd but this —————  
 Your drinking Bravo's, when their Brains boil hot,  
 Are cool'd, and quietly refresh'd with sleep.  
 The Hectick Madman, when his Fever Roars,  
 And all his Doctors fail to give him ease,  
 His Malady grows weary at the last ;  
 And sleep, when nothing else can, gives him rest :  
 'Tis the best Physick for unquiet Minds.

*Doctor.* How do you Sir ?

*Arc.* Ha ! Where am I ? ——— Who are these ?

My Senses all has been in mighty Motion ;  
 Something confus'd runs o'er my thoughts,  
 And leads towards Madness.

K

*Doctor.* You

*Doctor.* You have been disorder'd, Sir ; but by the Queens Command, and learn'd *Geronta's* skill,  
I hope your wand'ring Senses are return'd.

*Arc.* Oh ! Happy Madness — Did my Queen Command ?  
Her Care is a Blessing above my Senses,  
Or any other earthly good beside.  
I feel the thinking Faculty return,  
And Mighty Love maintains its wonted place.  
But oh ! I do remember now, the Queen  
Is Marry'd to my Brother ; What have you done ?  
These thoughts are worse than Madness — Oh !

*Doctor.* Perhaps there may be better News than you expect.  
*Geronta* bid us inform him of your waking.

*Arc.* Lead me to him — if his all-healing Art  
Can bring a Medicine for a Wounded Heart ;  
If he that Epidemick ill can Cure,  
That restless, raging Pain which I endure ;  
Else Death, or Madness, would more welcome prove  
Than Life, when loaded with a hopeless Love. [Exit.

*After the shouts of Victory the Trumpet sounds. Enter Queen,  
Geronta, Lords, Guards and Attendants.*

*Queen.* From ruin sav'd, and by *Amphialus's* Arm ;  
Sure Fate set down all Glory for that Man,  
Not suffering me to live without his Aid :  
Beneath the Influence of different Stars  
Our Souls were form'd, and the soft Chain of Love  
Can ne'er unite them ; yet my grateful Mind  
Shall lay aside all thoughts of Vengeance now,  
And only study to reward his Care,  
Where is the General ?

*Geront.*

*Geront.* May it please your Majesty th' *Arcadian Duke*,  
 Who now is Prisoner to your conquering Arms,  
 He has committed to your Princely Care,  
 And begs that you would such Conditions make  
 As may for ever bind his Hands to Peace.

*Arbaces*, far unworthy of his Race,  
 Was in the Battle slain — *Pirotto* lives ;  
 But Wounded much, in Bonds attends your Sentence.  
 Whilst he that caus'd this general Joy to all,  
 Prepares for wretched Banishment again,  
 Without presuming to desire your Sight ;  
 Nor aims he at applause in this.

*Queen.* Haste on your Lives, and stop his Passage streight.

[*Exit, an Officer.*]

I wou'd not be out-done, Thou generous Man,  
 I have a Conquest great as thine to make,  
 And leave the Deed as much renown'd in Story.  
 Fly then with swiftest speed, and bring him here ;  
 Ingratitude shall never stain *Zelmane's* Name,  
 Tho' Torment ever in her Heart should dwell.

*Enter Amphialus and Pirotto Bound.*

*Amph.* How shall I approach that Sacred Presence ?  
 Not all my Service, nor my Blood can pay  
 The great Offence that I've committed here,  
 In daring to return without your leave.

*Queen.* That I forgive *Amphialus*.

*Amph.* Your gracious Majesty is over-kind.

*Queen.* But thou curst Traytor, speak, What had I done  
 To Arm thee in this foul Conspiracy.

[*To Pirotto*]

K 2

*Pirotto.* My

*Pirotto.* My Fathers wrongs for Vengeance loudly call'd :  
 I lov'd *Arbaces* too, and he lov'd Power :  
 Had we Conquer'd *Corinth*, I had his Vice roy been ;  
 But my Malicious Stars have crost my Fate.

*Queen.* Impious Traytor, let him on Racks expire.

*Pir.* That Command, like me, has lost its Power,  
 For Death this Moment gives my Soul release. [Dies.]

*Queen.* Haste, bear him hence, expose his Trayterous Limbs  
 To publick View, and let my Brother's Memory die.  
 And now let me Reward my great Preserver here ;  
 The Largest Gifts within my power to give,  
 You have despis'd, *Amphialus* ; Then make  
 Your own Demand.

*Amph.* Oh ! I shall die with Blushing shame, if you  
 Again repeat that hateful word Despise.

No, I the Person of the Queen revere  
 With adoration next the Stars above ;  
 I own my self unworthy of such Grace  
 As you was pleas'd to shower on my Head ;  
 And sure the Hand of Fate was in it.

*Queen.* No more, *Amphialus*, I do forgive it all ;  
 Nay more, our Laws have given back thy Vows,  
 And left thee as thou wert, my Subject.

*Amph.* A Name I shall be ever proud to own ;  
 Nor would I wish to change it. — On my Knees  
 I thank your wond'rous Goodness. One thing more  
 I have to ask, which is, That your Majesty  
 Would be pleas'd to afford your Care to my  
 Poor distracted Brother ?

*Geront.* To make this general Joy compleat,  
 In some few Minutes you shall see him well.

*Qu.* He shall have all the indulgence that thy Queen can give.  
 Hast thou no more to ask ? —

*Amph.* Oh !

*Amph.* Oh! my Heart ——— No more ———

*Queen.* See how he struggles with his inward Grief, [*to Ger.*]  
And fears to ask the Princes at my Hand:  
See his full Eyes declare his trembling doubt.

*Geront.* Judge his respect then by his painful silence,  
And let ———

*Queen.* Hold, and let the act be all my own.

*Amphialus,* tho' your self no Boon will ask,  
There is a Present in my power to give,  
I dare believe will prove a grateful one.  
Come forth thou Fair, thou Beautious, Captive Maid,

*Enter Antimora.*

And Bless thy Husband with thy Eyes ;  
Forgive past Rage, and here enjoy thy Love.

[*Joyns their Hands.*

*Amph.* Oh! Great Effect of Gratitude Divine;  
First Kneel and Bless the Goddess for the Grant,  
Whose Goodness far exceeds a Mortal mind. [*Kneels.*

*Anti.* Oh! may you never know another Care,  
But all your Hours be fraught with Downey Peace.

[*They rise and embrace.*

*Queen.* Rise, and may you be  
Happy as your Souls can wish.  
Forbear your Transports, till you private are,  
For yet my Heart is not entirely free.  
Now with your Unkle your Conditions make :  
When of *Arcadia's* Throne you are possess'd,  
You shall be ever held our dear Ally.

*Geront.* Oh! Bleft Conclusion of our threatning Jarrs,  
And see *Arcanes* comes to share the Joy.

*Enter*

Enter Arcanes.

*Amph.* Oh ! Let me embrace my dearest Brother,  
And tell him now, *Amphialus's* Sorrow ends.

[Runs to him and embraces.

*Arc.* The Queen and you are reconcil'd.

*Amph.* Beyond my hopes, and made me happy here.

[Taking Antimora by the Hand.

*Anti.* Yes, yes, *Arcanes* we are blest at last ;  
And may the Powers at length Reward thy Truth.

*Arc.* The sole Ambition which my Life can know,  
Is but to serve and to adore my Queen.

*Queen.* Generous Youth.

*Geron* Oh Queen ! happy in Victory, and in thy Subjects Love.

*Queen.* 'Tis hard to race the first Idea out ;  
But this, *Arcanes*, I will freely Vow,  
If e'er I can retrieve my Wounded Heart,  
And make it take a New Impression in,  
Thy Wond'rous Merit shall have room to plead.  
And now let all prepare for Mirth and Joy,  
Such as befits the happy Days Success.

*Geronta,*

See that Rewards are to my Soldiers dealt ;  
Let all partake of what their Vallour sav'd.  
No anxious guilty Thoughts my Soul attends,  
Since I have Justly joyn'd this happy Pair.  
Princes should Rule with an Impartial sway,  
And always move, when Vertue leads the way ;  
Bias'd by nothing but the Publick Good,  
All private Suits and Passions be withstood :  
For he who governs well, does more Command,  
Than if all Nations bended to his Hand.  
Thus I my Peoples Rights, and Honour will maintain,  
And *Corinth* Date her Glories from a Female Reign.

EPILOGUE

# EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *Bowman* drest like Victory.

I Victory from Danube's Banks appear,  
Laurels unknown, to English Arms I bear.  
When Hearts united did in Britain Reign,  
I led 'em forth to conquer France and Spain :  
Fifth Henry Gaul subdu'd, Eliza swept the Main.  
Lov'd Albion, then, my favorite Isle appear'd,  
And Neighbouring Coasts, the Warlike Britain's fear'd :  
With Roman Courage they compell'd my stay,  
And Brittish Arms taught Nations to obey ;  
Till lazy Peace their glorious Name destroy'd,  
Luxurious Ease, Conquest and Fame supply'd.  
Inrag'd I left 'em, and to France repair'd,  
Where Force and Rapine kept the strongest guard :  
But with reluctance I their Arms embrac'd,  
Cause breach of Faith their noble deeds disgrac'd.  
To rouse the Brittish Valour was my Aim ;  
I blush'd to see my darling Sons grown Tame ;  
With care Maternal, I all Arts essay'd,  
To reconcile 'em to the Fighting Trade.  
'Tis done, a Consious shame the Soldiers warms,  
Now fierce Bellona more than Venus Charms,  
And I'm return'd to Crown great Anne's Arms.

No

## EPILOGUE.

No more let Envy with her snaky brood,  
Destroy your Quiet, and prevent your Good:  
Be chearful all, let Mirth and joy appear,  
Let me look down and view you often here.  
The Stage of Rome cou'd equal triumph boast,  
The Muses smil'd when Romans conquer'd most.  
Mars and Apollo best by turns can please,  
Fatigu'd with War, Musick and Wit gives ease;  
The toil once melow'd with the Muses Charms,  
Let the shrill Trumpet sound again to Arms:  
Thus will your deeds your Ancient fame Restore,  
And fix my Trophies on fair Albion's shore.

## F I N I S

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*Note,* There is lately publish'd a Discourse concerning the Mediterranean Sea, and the Streights of Gibraltar, by Sir Henry Sheeres; to which is added an exact Map of Gibraltar, as when taken by Sir George Rooke, curiously Engraven by the Ingenious Mr. Moll. Printed for W. Turner, at Lincolns-Inn Back-gate, and John Nutt near Stationers-Hall. Price 2. s. 6. d.



